
**
**
**
**
**
**
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY
**
**
**
**

Screenplay

by

Stanley Kubrick and Arthur C. Clarke

Rec'd. 1-3-66

TITLE

PART I

AFRICA

3,000,000 YEARS AGO

A1

VIEWS OF AFRICAN DRYLANDS - DROUGHT

The remorseless drought had lasted now for ten million years, and would not end for another million. The reign of the terrible lizards had long since passed, but here on the continent which would one day be known as Africa, the battle for survival had reached a new climax of ferocity, and the victor was not yet in sight. In this dry and barren land, only the small or the swift or the fierce could flourish, or even hope to exist.

INT & EXT CAVES - MOONWATCHER

The man-apes of the field had none of these attributes, and they were on the long, pathetic road to racial extinction.

About twenty of them occupied a group of caves overlooking a small, parched valley, divided by a sluggish, brown stream.

The tribe had always been hungry, and now it was starving.

As the first dim glow of dawn creeps into the cave, Moonwatcher discovers that his father had died in the night. He did not know the Old One was his father, for such a relationship was beyond his understanding, but as he stands looking down at the emaciated body he feels something, something akin to sadness. Then he carries his dead father out of the cave, and leaves him for the hyenas.

Among his kind, Moonwatcher is almost a giant. He is nearly five feet high, and though badly undernourished, weighs over a hundred pounds. His hairy, muscular body is quite man-like, and his head is already nearer man than ape. The forehead is low, and there are great ridges over the eye-sockets, yet he unmistakably holds in his genes the promise of humanity. As he looks out now upon the hostile world, there is already

A2

CONTINUED

something in his gaze beyond the capacity of any ape. In those dark, deep-set eyes is a dawning awareness - the first intimations of an intelligence which would not fulfill itself for another two million years,

10/13/65

23

A3

EXT THE STREAM - THE OTHERS

As the dawn sky brightens, Moonwatcher and his tribe reach the shallow stream.

The Others are already there. They were there on the other side every day- that did not make it any less annoying.

There are eighteen of them, and it is impossible to distinguish them from the members of Moonwatcher's own tribe. As they see him coming, the Others begin to angrily dance and shriek on their side of the stream, and his own people reply in kind.

The confrontation lasts a few minutes- then the display dies out as quickly as it has begun, and everyone drinks his fill of the muddy water. Honor has been satisfied- each group has staked its claim to its own territory.

A4

EXT AFRICAN PLAIN - HERBIVORES

Moonwatcher and his companions search for berries, fruit and leaves, and fight off the pangs of hunger, while all around them, competing with them for the same fodder, is a potential source of more food than they could ever hope to eat. Yet all the thousands of tons of meat roaming over the parched savanna and through the brush is not only beyond their reach; the idea of eating it is beyond their imagination. They are slowly starving to death in the midst of plenty.

A5

EXT PARCHED COUNTRYSIDE - THE LION

The tribe slowly wanders across the bare, flat countryside foraging for roots and occasional berries.

Eight of them are irregularly strung out on the open plain, about fifty feet apart.

The ground is flat for miles around.

Suddenly, Moonwatcher becomes aware of a lion, stalking them about 300 yards away.

Defenceless and with nowhere to hide, they scatter in all directions, but the lion swiftly brings one to ground.

10/13/65

a6

A6

EXT DEAD TREE - FINDS HONEY

It had not been a good day, though as Moonwatcher had no real remembrance of the past he could not compare one day with another. But on the way back to the caves he finds a hive of bees in the stump of a dead tree, and so enjoys the finest delicacy his people could ever know. Of course, he also collects a good many stings, but he scarcely notices them. He is now as near to contentment as he is ever likely to be; for though he is still hungry, he is not actually weak with hunger. That was the most that any hominid could hope for.

INT & EXT CAVES - NIGHT TERRORS

Over the valley, a full moon rises, and a cold wind blows down from the distant mountains. It would be very cold tonight -- but cold, like hunger, was not a matter for any real concern; it was merely part of the background of life.

This Little Sun, that only shone at night and gave no warmth, was dangerous; there would be enemies abroad. Moonwatcher crawls out of the cave, clambers on to a large boulder beside the entrance, and squats there where he can survey the valley. If any hunting beast approached, he would have time to get back to the relative safety of the cave.

Of all the creatures who had ever lived on Earth, Moonwatcher's race was the first to raise their eyes with interest to the Moon, and though he could not remember it, when he was young, Moonwatcher would reach out to try and touch its ghostly face. Now he knew he would first have to find a tree that was high enough.

He stirs when shrieks and screams echo up the slope from one of the lower caves, and he does not need to hear the

A7
CONTINUED

occasional growl of the lion to know what is happening. Down there in the darkness, old One-Eye and his family are dying, and the thought that he might help in some way never crosses Moonwatcher's mind. The harsh logic of survival rules out such fancies. Every cave is silent, lest it attract disaster.

And in the caves, in tortured spells of fitful dozing and fearful waiting, were gathered the nightmares of generations yet to come.

A8

EXT THE STREAM - INVASION

The Others are growing desperate; the forage on their side of the valley is almost exhausted. Perhaps they realise that Moonwatcher's tribe has lost three of its number during the night, for they chose this morning to break the truce. When they meet at the river in the still, misty dawn, there is a deeper and more menacing note in their challenge. The noisy but usually harmless confrontation lasts only a few seconds before the invasion begins.

In an uncertainly-moving horde, the Others cross the river, shrieking threats and hunched for the attack. They are led by a big-toothed hominid of Moonwatcher's own size and age.

Startled and frightened, the tribe retreats before the first advance, throwing nothing more substantial than imprecations at the invaders. Moonwatcher moves with them, his mind a mist of rage and confusion. To be driven from their own territory is a great badness, but to lose the river is death. He does not know what to do; it is a situation beyond his experience.

Then he becomes dimly aware that the Others are slowing

down, and advancing with obvious reluctance. The further they move from their own side, the more uncertain and unhappy they become. Only Big-Tooth still retains any of his original drive, and he is rapidly being separated from his followers.

As he sees this, Moonwatcher's own morale immediately revives. He slows down his retreat, and begins to make reassuring noises to his companions. Novel sensations fill his dim mind - the first faint precursors of bravery and leadership.

Before he realizes it, he is face to face with Big-Tooth, and the two tribes come to a halt many paces away.

The disorganized and unscientific conflict could have ended quickly if either had used his fist as a club, but this innovation still lay hundreds of thousands of years in the future. Instead, the slowly weakening fighters claw and scratch and try to bite at each other.

Rolling over and over, they come to a patch of stony ground, and when they reach it Moonwatcher is on top. By chance,

A8
CONTINUED

he chooses this moment to grab the hair on Big-Tooth's scalp, and to bang his head on the ground. The resulting crack is so satisfactory, and produces such an immediate weakening in Big-Tooth's resistance, that he quickly repeats it.

Even when Big-Tooth ceases to move for some time, Moon-watcher keeps up the exhilarating game.

With shrieks of panic, the Others retreat back, across the stream. The defenders cautiously pursue them as far as the water's edge.

A9

EXT CAVE - NEW SOUND

Dozing fitfully and weakened by his struggle, Moonwatcher is startled by a sound.

He sits up in the fetid darkness of the cave, straining his senses out into the night, and fear creeps slowly into his soul. Never in his life - already twice as long as most members of his species could expect - has he heard a sound like this. The great cats approached in silence, and the only thing that betrayed them was a rare slide of earth, or the occasional cracking of a twig. Yet this is a continuing crunching noise that grows steadily louder. It seemed that some enormous beast was moving through the night, making no attempt at concealment, and ignoring all obstacles.

And then there came a sound which Moonwatcher could not possibly have identified, for it had never been heard before in the history of this planet.

A10

EXT CAVE - NEW ROCK

Moonwatcher comes face to face with the New Rock when he leads the tribe down to the river in the first light of morning. He had almost forgotten the terror of the night, because nothing had happened after that initial noise, so he does not even associate this strange thing with danger or with fear. There is nothing in the least alarming about it.

It is a cube about fifteen feet on a side, and it is made of some completely transparent material; indeed, it is not easy to see except when the light of the sun glints on its edges.

There are no natural objects to which Moonwatcher can compare this apparition. Though he is wisely cautious of most new things, he does not hesitate to walk up to it.

As nothing happens, he puts out his hand, and feels a warm, hard surface.

After several minutes of intense thought, he arrives at a brilliant explanation. It is a rock, of course, and it must have grown during the night. There are many plants that do this - white, pulpy things shaped like pebbles, that seem to shoot up in the hours of darkness. It is true that they are small and round, whereas this is large and square;

A10
CONTINUED

but greater and later philosophers than Moonwatcher would be prepared to overlook equally striking exceptions to their laws.

This really superb piece of abstract thinking leads Moonwatcher to a deduction which he immediately puts to the test. The white, round pebble-plants are very tasty (though there were a few that made one violently sick); perhaps this square one ... ?

A few licks and attempted nibbles quickly disillusion him.

There is no nourishment here; so like a sensible hominid, he continues on his way to the river and forgets all about the Cube.

A11

EXT CUBE - FIRST LESSON

They are still a hundred yards from the New Rock when the sound begins.

It is quite soft, and it stops them in their tracks, so that they stand paralyzed on the trail with their jaws hanging. A simple, maddeningly repetitious rhythm pulses out of the crystal cube and hypnotises all who come within its spell. For the first time - and the last, for two million years - the sound of drumming is heard in Africa.

The throbbing grows louder, more insistent. Presently the hominids began to move forward like sleep-walkers, towards the source of that magnetic sound. Sometimes they take little dancing steps, as their blood responds to the rhythms that their descendants will not create for ages yet.

Totally entranced, they gather around the Cube, forgetting the hardships of the day, the perils of the approaching dusk, and the hunger in their bellies.

Now, spinning wheels of light begin to merge, and the spokes fuse into luminous bars that slowly recede into the distance,

A11
CONTINUED

rotating on their axes as they do; and the hominids watch, wide-eyed, mesmerized captives of the Crystal Cube.

Then by some magic - though it was no more magical than all that had gone before - a perfectly normal scene appears. It is as if a cubical block had been carved out of the day and shifted into the night. Inside that block is a group of four hominids, who might have been members of Moonwatcher's own tribe, eating chunks of meat. The carcass of a wart-hog lies near them.

This little family of male and female and two children is gorged and replete, with sleek and glossy pelts - and this was a condition of life that Moonwatcher had never imagined. From time to time they stir lazily, as they loll at ease near the entrance of their cave, apparently at peace with the world. The spectacle of domestic bliss merges into a totally different scene.

The family is no longer reposing peacefully outside its cave; it is foraging, searching for food like any normal hominids.

A11
CONTINUED

A small wart-hog ambles past the group of browsing humanoids without giving them more than a glance, for they had never been the slightest danger to its species.

But that happy state of affairs is about to end. The big male suddenly bends down, picks up a heavy stone lying at his feet - and hurls it upon the unfortunate pig. The stone descends upon its skull, making exactly the same noise that Moonwatcher had produced in his now almost forgotten encounter with Big-Tooth. And the result, too, is much the same - the warthog gives one amazed, indignant squeal, and collapses in a motionless heap.

Then the whole sequence begins again, but this time it unfolds itself with incredible slowness. Every detail of the movement can be followed; the stone arches leisurely through the air, the pig crumples up and sinks to the ground. There the scene freezes for long moments, the slayer standing motionless above the slain, the first of all weapons in his hand.

The scene suddenly fades out. The cube is no more than a glimmering outline in the darkness; the hominids stir, as if

A11
CONTINUED

awakening from a dream, realise where they are, and scuttle back to their caves.

They have no conscious memory of what they had seen; but that night, as he sits brooding at the entrance of his lair, his ears attuned to the noises of the world around him, Moonwatcher feels the first faint twinges of a new and potent emotion - the urge to kill. He had taken his first step towards humanity.

10/13/65

a19

EXT CAVE AND PLAINS - UTOPIA

Babies were born and sometimes lived; feeble, toothless thirty-year-olds died; the lion took its toll in the night; the Others threatened daily across the river - and the tribe prospered. In the course of a single year, Moonwatcher and his companions had changed almost beyond recognition.

They had become as plump as the family in the Cave, who no longer haunted their dreams. They had learned their lessons well; now they could handle all the stone tools and weapons that the Cube had revealed to them.

They were no longer half-numbed with starvation, and they had time both for leisure and for the first rudiments of thought. Their new way of life was now casually accepted, and they did not associate it in any way with the crystal cube still standing outside their cave.

But no Utopia is perfect, and this one had two blemishes. The first was the marauding lion, whose passion for hominids seemed to have grown even stronger now that they were better nourished. The second was the tribe across the river; for

A12
CONTINUED

somehow the Others had survived, and had stubbornly refused to die of starvation.

10/13/65

a21

A13

EXT CAVES - KILLING THE LION

With the partly devoured carcass of a warthog laid out on the ground at the point he hoped the boulder would impact, Moon-watcher and three of his bravest companions wait for two consecutive nights. On the third night the lion comes, betraying his presence by a small pebble slide.

When they can hear the lion below, softly tearing at the meat, they strain themselves against the massive boulder. The sound of the lion stops; he is listening. Again they silently heave against the enormous stone, exerting the final limits of their strength. The rock began to tip to a new balance point.

The lion twitches alert at this sound, but having no fear of these creatures, he makes the first of two mistakes which will cost him his life; he goes back to his meal.

The rock moves slowly over the ledge, picking up speed with amazing suddenness. It strikes a projection in the cliff about fifteen feet above the ground, which deflects its path outward.

Just at this instant, the lion reacts instinctively and leaps away from the face of the cliff directly into the path of the

A13
CONTINUED

onrushing boulder. He has combined the errors of overconfidence and bad luck.

The next morning they find the lion in front of the cave. They also find one of their tribe who had incautiously peeped out to see what was happening, and was apparently killed by a small rock torn loose by the boulder; but this was a small price to pay for such a great victory.

* * * * *

And then one night the crystal cube was gone, and not even Moonwatcher ever thought of it again. He was still wholly unaware of all that it had done.

A14

EXT STREAM - MASTER OF THE WORLD

From their side of the stream, in the never violated safety of their own territory, the Others see Moonwatcher and fourteen males of his tribe appear from behind a small hillock overlooking the stream, silhouetted against the dawn sky.

The Others begin to scream their daily challenge. But today something is different, though the Others do not immediately recognize this fact.

Instead of joining the verbal onslaught, as they had always done, Moonwatcher and his small band descend from the rise, and begin to move forward to the stream with a quiet purposefulness never before seen.

As the Others watch the figures silently approaching in the morning mist, they become aware of the terrible strangeness of this encounter, and their rage gradually subsides down to an uneasy silence.

At the water's edge, Moonwatcher and his band stop. They carry their bone clubs and bone knives.

Led by One-Ear, the Others half-heartedly resume their battle-chant. But they are suddenly confronted with a vision that cuts the sound from their throats, and strikes terror into their hearts.

Moonwatcher, who had been partly concealed by two males who walked before him, thrusts his arm high into the air. In his hand he holds a stout tree branch. Mounted atop the branch is the bloody head of the lion, its mouth jammed open with a stick, displaying its frightful fangs.

The Others gape in fearful disbelief at this display of power.

Moonwatcher stands motionless, thrusting the lion's head high. Then with majestic deliberation, still carrying his mangled standard above his head, he begins to cross the stream, followed by his band.

The Others fade back from the stream, seeming to lack even the ability to flee.

Moonwatcher steps ashore and walks to One-Ear, who stands

A14
CONTINUED

unsurely in front of his band.

Though he is a veteran of numerous combats at the water's edge, One-Ear has never been attacked by an enemy who had not first displayed his fighting rage; and he had never before been attacked with a weapon. One-Ear, merely looks up at the raised club until the heavy thigh bone of an antelope brings the darkness down around him.

The Others stare in wonder at Moonwatcher's power.

Moonwatcher surveys the scene. Now he was master of the world, and he was not sure what to do next. But he would think of something.

A SECTION TIMING

A 1	00.30
A 2	00.45
A 3	01.30
A 4	00.30
A 5	01.00
A 6	01.00
A 7	01.00
A 8	03.00
A 9	00.45
A 10	02.00
A 11	04.00
A 12	02.00
A 13	02.30
A 14	02.30

A SECTION TOTAL: 23 MIN. 00 SECS.

TITLE

PART II

YEAR 2001

B1

EARTH FROM 200 MILES UP

B1a

THOUSAND MEGATON
NUCLEAR BOMB IN ORBIT
ABOVE THE EARTH,
RUSSIAN INSIGNIA AND
CCCP MARKINGS.

NARRATOR

By the year 2001, overpopulation had replaced the problem of starvation, but this was ominously offset by the absolute and utter perfection of the weapon.

B1b

AMERICAN THOUSAND
MEGATON BOMB IN ORBIT
ABOVE THE EARTH.

NARRATOR

Hundreds of giant bombs had been placed in perpetual orbit above the Earth. They were capable of incinerating the entire Earth's surface from an altitude of 100 miles.

B1c

FRENCH BOMB

NARRATOR

Matters were further complicated by the presence of twenty-seven nations in the nuclear club. There had been no deliberate or accidental use of nuclear weapons since World War II and some people felt secure in this knowledge. But to others, the situation seemed comparable to an airline with a perfect safety record; it showed admirable care and skill but no one could expect it to last forever.

B1d

GERMAN BOMB

B1f

CHINESE BOMB

10/4/65

b1

B2

ORION-III SPACECRAFT
IN FLIGHT AWAY FROM
EARTH, 200 MILES
ALTITUDE.

10/4/65

b2

B3

ORION-III PASSENGER AREA.
DR. HEYWOOD FLOYD IS THE
ONLY PASSENGER IN THE
ELEGANT CABIN DESIGNED
FOR 30 PEOPLE. HE IS
ASLEEP.

HIS PEN FLOATS NEAR HIS
HAND.

10/4/85

b3

B4

ORION-III COCKPIT.
PILOT, CO-PILOT.
FLOYD CAN BE SEEN
ASLEEP ON A SMALL
TV MONITOR.
STEWARDESS IS PUTTING
ON LIPSTICK. SHE SEES
PEN.

10/4/65

b4

B5

STEWARDESS GOES BACK
TO PASSENGER AREA,
RESCUES PEN AND CLIPS
IT BACK IN FLOYD'S
POCKET.

10/4/65

b5

B6

SPACE STATION-5. THE
RAW SUNLIGHT OF SPACE
DAZZLES FROM THE
POLISHED METAL SURFACES
OF THE SLOWLY REVOLVING,
THOUSAND-FOOT DIAMETER
SPACE STATION. DRIFTING
IN SAME ORBIT, WE SEE
SWEPT-BACK TITOV-V
SPACECRAFT. ALSO THE
ALMOST SPHERICAL ARIES-IB.

10/4/65

b6

B7

ORION-III PASSENGER AREA.
FLOYD AWAKE BUT GROGGY,
LOOKS OUT OF HIS WINDOW.

10/4/65

b7

B8

ORION-III COCKPIT.
THE CO-PILOT IN RADIO
COMMUNICATION WITH THE
DOCKING CONTROL AT THE
SPACE STATION.

10/4/65

b8

B9

THE ORION-III SPACECRAFT
IN DOCKING APPROACH. THE
EARTH IS SEEN IN BREATH-
TAKING VIEW IN B.G.

10/4/65

b9

B10.

INSIDE DOCKING CONTROL.
WE SEE ORION-III MANOU-
VERING IN BACKGROUND.

10/4/65

b10

B11

FROM DOCKING PORT WE
SEE THE ORION-III INCHING
IN TO COMPLETE ITS
DOCKING. WE SEE VARIOUS
WINDOWED BOOTHS INSIDE
DOCKING PORT. WE SEE
THE PILOT AND CO-PILOT
INSIDE THE ORION-III
COCKPIT.

10/4/65

b11

B12

SPACE STATION
RECEPTION AREA

RECEPTIONIST AT DESK.
MILLER ENTERS, HUR-
RYING. HE GOES TO
THE ELEVATOR AND
PRESSES BUTTON. HE
WAITS IMPATIENTLY.

WE SEE ELEVATOR
INDICATOR WORKING

ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS
AND FLOYD IS SEEN
UNSTRAPPING HIMSELF.
THE ELEVATOR GIRL IS
SEATED BY THE DOOR

MILLER

Oh, good morning, Dr. Floyd.
I'm Nick Miller.

FLOYD

How do you do, Mr. Miller ?

MILLER

I'm terribly sorry. I was just
on my way down to meet you. I
saw your ship dock and I knew I
had plenty of time, and I was on
my way out of the office when,
suddenly, the phone rang.

12 /7 /65

b12

B12
CONTINUED

FLOYD

Oh, please don't worry about it.

MILLER

Well, thank you very much for
being so understanding.

FLOYD

Please, it really doesn't matter.

MILLER

Well ... Did you have a pleasant
flight ?

FLOYD

Yes, very pleasant.

MILLER

Well, shall we go through
Documentation ?

FLOYD

Fine.

RECEPTIONIST

Will you use number eight,
please ?

MILLER

Thank you, Miss Turner.

12 / 7 / 65

b13

B12
CONTINUED

THEY ENTER PASSPORT
AREA

RECEPTIONIST PRESSES
"ENGLISH" BAR ON HER
CONSOLE AND SMILES
AS FLOYD GOES THROUGH.

12/7/65

b13a

B13

IN AUTOMATED PASSPORT
SECTION. THEY STOP IN
FRONT OF A BOOTH
FEATURING A TV SCREEN

PASSPORT GIRL (TV)

Good morning and welcome to Voice
Print Identification. When you see
the red light go on would you please
state in the following order; your
destination, your nationality and
your full name. Surname first,
christian name and intial. For
example: Moon, American,
Smith, John, D. Thank you.

THERE IS A PAUSE AND
A RED BAR LIGHTS UP

FLOYD

Moon, American, Floyd, Heywood,
R.

THE RED LIGHT GOES OFF.
THERE IS A DELAY OF
ABOUT TWO SECONDS AND
THE WOMAN'S FACE
REAPPEARS

FLOYD

I've always wondered....

12/7/65

b14

B13
CONTINUED

PASSPORT GIRL (TV)
(Interrupting) Thank you. Despite an excellent and continually improving safety record there are certain risks inherent in space travel and an extremely high cost of pay load. Because of this it is necessary for the Space Carrier to advise you that it cannot be responsible for the return of your body to Earth should you become deceased on the Moon or en route to the Moon. However, it wishes to advise you that insurance covering this contingency is available in the Main Lounge. Thank you. You are cleared through Voice Print Identification.

THE LIGHTS GO OFF
AND THE WOMAN'S
FACE DISAPPEARS

THE MEN EXIT THE
PASSPORT AREA

MILLER

I've reserved a table for you in the Earth Light room. Your connecting flight will be leaving in about one hour.

12/7/65

b15

B13
CONTINUED

FLOYD

Oh, that's wonderful.

12/7/65

b16

B14

INT SPACE STATION - LOUNGE

FLOYD AND MILLER
WALKING

MILLER

Let's see, we haven't had the pleasure of a visit from you not since ... It was about eight or nine months ago, wasn't it ?

FLOYD

Yes, I think so. Just about then.

MILLER

I suppose you saw the work on our new section while you were docking.

FLOYD

Yes, it's coming along very well.

THEY PASS THE VISION
PHONE BOOTHS

FLOYD

Oh, look, I've got to make a phone call. Why don't you go on into the Restaurant and I'll meet you in there.

12/7/65

b17

B14
CONTINUED

MILLER

Fine. I'll see you at the bar.

FLOYD ENTERS PHONE
BOOTH. SIGN ON
VISION PHONE SCREEN
"SORRY, TEMPORARILY
OUT OF ORDER."

HE ENTERS THE SECOND
BOOTH AND SITS DOWN

12/7/65

b18

B15
DELETED

B16
DELETED

PAGES b19 - b22 DELETED

12/7/65

B17

FLOYD IN VISION PHONE

LITTLE GIRL OF FIVE
ANSWERS

CHILD

Hello.

VISION PHONE SCREEN
DISPLAY SIGN 'YOUR
PARTY HAS NOT CONNECTED
VISION'

A FEW SECONDS LATER,
THE SCREEN CHANGES
TO AN IMAGE OF THE
CHILD

FLOYD

Hello, darling, how are you ?

CHILD

Hello, Daddy. Where are you?

FLOYD

I'm at Space Station Five,
darling. How are you ?

CHILD

I'm fine, Daddy. When are
you coming home ?

12/6/65

b23

B17
CONTINUED

FLOYD

Well, I hope in a few days,
sweetheart.

CHILD

I'm having a party tomorrow.

FLOYD

Yes, I know that sweetheart.

CHILD

Are you coming to my party ?

FLOYD

No, I'm sorry, darling, I
told you I won't be home for a
few days.

CHILD

When are you coming home ?

FLOYD

In three days, darling, I
hope.

FLOYD HOLDS UP
THREE FINGERS.

12/6/65

B17
CONTINUED

FLOYD

One, two, three. Can I
speak to Mommy ?

CHILD

Mommy's out to the hair-
dresser.

FLOYD

Where is Mrs. Brown ?

CHILD

She's in the bathroom.

FLOYD

Okay, sweetheart. Well, I
have to go now. Tell Mommy
that I called.

CHILD

How many days until you
come home ?

FLOYD

Three, darling. One ... two
... three. Be sure to tell
Mommy I called.

12/6/65

b24a

B17
CONTINUED

CHILD

I will, Daddy.

FLOYD

Okay, sweetheart. Have a
lovely Birthday Party
tomorrow.

CHILD

Thank you, Daddy.

FLOYD

I'll wish you a happy
Birthday now and I'll see you
soon. All right, Darling ?

CHILD

Yes, Daddy.

FLOYD

'Bye, 'bye, now, sweetheart.

CHILD

Goodbye, Daddy.

12/6/65

b24b

B18

VISION PHONE
PROCEDURE FOR
INFORMATION

VISION PHONE
PROCEDURE FOR
DIALING

OPERATOR

Good morning, Macy's.

FLOYD

Good morning. I'd like the
Vision Shopper for the Pet
Shop, please.

OPERATOR

Just one moment.

12/7/65

b25

B19

THE PICTURE FLIPS AND
WE SEE A WOMAN STANDING
IN FRONT OF A SPECIALLY-
DESIGNED DISPLAY SCREEN

VISION SALES GIRL

Good morning, sir, may I help you

FLOYD

Yes, I'd like to buy a bush baby.

VISION SALES GIRL

Just a moment, sir.

THE GIRL KEYS SOME
INPUTS AND A MOVING
PICTURE APPEARS ON
THE SCREEN OF A CAGE
CONTAINING ABOUT SIX
BUSH BABIES,
BEAUTIFULLY DISPLAYED
AGAINST A WHITE BACK-
GROUND

VISION SALES GIRL

Here you are, sir. Here is a
lovely assortment of African
bush babies. They are twenty
Dollars each.

12/7/65

b26

B19
CONTINUED

FLOYD

Yes, well ... Pick out a nice one for me, a friendly one, and I'd like it delivered tomorrow.

VISION SALES GIRL

Certainly, sir. Just let us have your name and Bank identification for V.P.I., and then give the name and address of the person you'd like the pet delivered to and it will be delivered tomorrow.

SOME TIME DURING
THIS CONVERSATION,
FLOYD SEES ELENA,
SMYSLOV AND THE
OTHER TWO RUSSIANS
PASS HIS VISION PHONE
WINDOW. ELENA TAPS
AND MIMES "HELLO",
GESTURING TOWARD A
TABLE BEHIND FLOYD
WHERE THEY ALL SIT
DOWN

FLOYD

Thank you very much. Floyd,
Heywood, R., First National
Bank of Washington. Please
deliver to Miss Josephine
Floyd, 9423 Dupre Avenue,
N.W. 14.

12/7/65

b27

B19 .
CONTINUED

VISION SALES GIRL

Thank you very much, sir. It
will be delivered tomorrow.

12 /7 /65

b27a

B20

SPACE STATION 5 - LOUNGE

FLOYD

Well, how nice to see you again,
Elena. You're looking wonderful.

ELENA

How nice to see you, Heywood.
This is my good friend, Dr.
Heywood Floyd. I'd like you
to meet Andre Smyslov ...

SMYSLOV AND THE TWO
OTHER RUSSIAN WOMEN
STAND UP AND SMILE

THEY SHAKE HANDS
AFTER INTRODUCTION
AND AD-LIB 'HELLOS'

ELENA

And this is Dr. Kalinan ...
and Dr. Stretyneva ...

THE RUSSIANS ARE
VERY WARM AND
FRIENDLY.

SMYSLOV

Dr. Floyd, won't you join us
for a drink ?

12/7/65

b28

B20
CONTINUED

THERE IS A BIT OF
CONFUSION AS ALL
REALISE THERE IS
NOT ENOUGH ROOM
FOR ANOTHER
PERSON AT THE TABLE.
SMYSLOV OFFERS FLOYD
HIS CHAIR AND BORROWS
ANOTHER FROM A
NEARBY TABLE

FLOYD

I'm afraid I've only got a few
minutes, but I'd love to.

SMYSLOV

What would you like to drink ?

FLOYD

Oh, I really don't have time
for a drink. If it's all right
I'll just sit for a minute and
then I've got to be off.

SMYSLOV

Are you quite sure ?

FLOYD

Yes, really, thank you very
much.

ELENA

Well ... How's your lovely
wife ?

B20
CONTINUED

FLOYD

She's wonderful.

ELENA

And your charming little daughter ?

FLOYD

Oh, she's growing up very fast.
As a matter of fact, she's six
tomorrow.

ELENA

Oh, that's such a delightful age.

FLOYD

How is Gregor ?

ELENA

He's fine. But I'm afraid we
don't get a chance to see each
other very much these days.

POLITE LAUGHTER

FLOYD

Well, where are all of you off
to ?

12/7/65

b30

B20
CONTINUED

ELENA

Actually, we're on our way back from the Moon. We've just spent three months calibrating the new antenna at Tchalinko. And what about you ?

FLOYD

Well, as it happens, I'm on my way up to the Moon.

SMYSLOV

Are you, by any chance, going up to your base at Clavius ?

FLOYD

Yes, as a matter of fact, I am.

THE RUSSIANS
EXCHANGE
SIGNIFICANT
GLANCES

FLOYD

Is there any particular reason why you ask ?

12 / 7 / 65

b31

B20
CONTINUED

SMYSLOV

(pleasantly) Well, Dr. Floyd, I hope that you don't think I'm too inquisitive, but perhaps you can clear up the mystery about what's been going on up there.

FLOYD

I'm sorry, but I'm not sure I know what you mean.

SMYSLOV

Well, it's just that for the past two weeks there have been some extremely odd things happening at Clavius.

FLOYD

Really ?

SMYSLOV

Yes. Well, for one thing, whenever you phone the base, all you can get is a recording which repeats that the phone lines are temporarily out of order.

B20
CONTINUED

FLOYD

Well, I suppose they've been having a bit of trouble with some of the equipment.

SMYSLOV

Yes, well at first we thought that was the explanation, but it's been going on for the past ten days.

FLOYD

You mean you haven't been able to get anyone at the base for ten days ?

SMYSLOV

That's right.

FLOYD

I see.

ELENA

Another thing, Heywood, two days ago, one of our rocket buses was denied permission for an emergency landing at Clavius.

B20
CONTINUED

FLOYD

How did they manage to do that
without any communications ?

ELENA

Clavius Control came on the
air just long enough to transmit
their refusal.

FLOYD

Well, that does sound very odd.

SMYSLOV

Yes, and I'm afraid there's
going to be a bit of a row about
it. Denying the men permission
to land was a direct violation of
the I.A.S. convention.

FLOYD

Yes ... Well, I hope the crew
got back safely.

SMYSLOV

Fortunately, they did.

FLOYD

Well, I'm glad about that.

12/7/65

b33a

B20
CONTINUED

THE RUSSIANS EXCHANGE
MORE GLANCES. ONE OF
THE WOMEN OFFERS
AROUND A PILL BOX.
FLOYD DECLINES,
ELENA AND ANOTHER
RUSSIAN TAKE ONE AND
THE THIRD RUSSIAN
DECLINES.

SMYSLOV

Dr. Floyd, at the risk of pressing
you on a point you seem reticent
to discuss, may I ask you a
straightforward question ?

FLOYD

Certainly.

SMYSLOV

Quite frankly, we have had some
very reliable intelligence reports
that quite a serious epidemic
has broken out at Clavius.
Something, apparently, of an
unknown origin. Is this, in
fact, what has happened ?

A LONG, AWKWARD
PAUSE

12/7/65

b33b

B20
CONTINUED

FLOYD

I'm sorry, Dr. Smyslov, but
I'm really not at liberty to
discuss this.

SMYSLOV

This epidemic could easily
spread to our base, Dr. Floyd.
We should be given all the
facts.

LONG PAUSE

FLOYD

Dr. Smyslov ... I'm not
permitted to discuss this.

ELENA

Are you sure you won't change
your mind about a drink ?

FLOYD

No, thank you ... and I'm
afraid now I really must be
going.

ELENA

Well, I hope that you and your
wife can come to the I.A.C.
conference in June.

12/7/65

b33c

B20
CONTINUED

FLOYD

We're trying to get there. I
hope we can.

ELENA

Well, Gregor and I will look
forward to seeing you.

FLOYD

Thank you. It's been a great
pleasure to meet all of you ...
Dr. Smyslov.

THE RUSSIANS ALL
RISE AND THERE
ARE AD-LIBS OF
COURTESY

FLOYD SHAKES HANDS
AND EXITS

THE RUSSIANS EXCHANGE
A FEW SERIOUS PARA-
GRAPHS IN RUSSIAN

B21

ARIES-IB IN SPACE.
EARTH MUCH SMALLER
THAN AS SEEN FROM
SPACE STATION

NARRATOR

The Aries-IB had become the standard Space-Station-to-Lunar surface vehicle. It was powered by low-thrust plasma jets which would continue the mild acceleration for fifteen minutes. Then the ship would break the bonds of gravity and be a free and independent planet, circling the Sun in an orbit of its own.

B21a

ARIES PASSENGER AREA.
FLOYD IS ASLEEP, STRETCHED
OUT IN THE CHAIR, COVERED
WITH BLANKETS WHICH ARE
HELD SECURE BY STRAPS

A STEWARDESS SITS AT THE
OTHER SIDE OF THE CABIN,
WATCHING A KARATE
EXHIBITION BETWEEN TWO
WOMEN ON TELEVISION

THE ELEVATOR ENTRANCE
DOOR OPENS AND THE
SECOND STEWARDESS ENTERS
CARRYING A TRAY OF FOOD

SHE BRINGS IT TO THE OTHER
STEWARDESS

STEWARDESS ONE

Oh, thank you very much.

STEWARDESS TWO

I see he's still asleep.

STEWARDESS ONE

Yes. He hasn't moved since we
left.

STEWARDESS TWO EXITS,
INTO ELEVATOR

12/6/65

b34a

B21b

ARIES GALLEY AREA.
STEWARDESS EXITS FROM
ELEVATOR, GOES TO
KITCHEN SECTION, REMOVES
TWO TRAYS, WALKS UP TO
THE SIDE OF THE WALL AND
ENTERS PILOT'S
COMPARTMENT

12/6/65

b34b

B22

ARIES-IB COCKPIT.
PILOT, CO-PILOT.

STEWARDESS ENTERS,
CARRYING FOOD

PILOT

Oh, thank you very much.

CO-PILOT

Thank you.

STEWARDESS SMILES.

PILOT

(sighs) Well, how's it going
back there ?

STEWARDESS

Fine. Very quiet. He's been
asleep since we left.

PILOT

Well, no one can say that he's not
enjoying the wonders of Space.

CO-PILOT

Well, whatever's going on up there,
he's going to arrive fresh and ready
to go.

B22
CONTINUED

PILOT

I wonder what really is going on
up there ?

CO-PILOT

Well, I've heard more and more
people talk about an epidemic.

PILOT

I suppose it was bound to happen
sooner or later.

CO-PILOT

Berkeley told me that they think
it came from contamination on a
returning Mars flight.

PILOT

Yes, well, whatever it is, they're
certainly not fooling around. This
is the first flight they've allowed
in for more than a week.

CO-PILOT

I was working out what this trip
must cost, taking him up there
by himself and coming back empty.

PILOT

I'll bet it's a fortune.

B22
CONTINUED

CO-PILOT

Well, at ten thousand dollars a ticket, it comes to the better part of six hundred thousand dollars.

PILOT

Well, as soon as he wakes up, I'm going to go back and talk to him. I must say, I'd like to find out what's going on.

12/14/65

b36a

B23

ARIES-IB IN SPACE.
MOON VERY LARGE.

10/4/85

b37

B24

ARIES-IB PASSENGER
AREA. FLOYD FINISHING
BREAKFAST.

PILOT ENTERS.

PILOT

Well, good afternoon, Dr. Floyd.
Did you have a good rest ?

FLOYD

Oh, marvellous. It's the first
real sleep I've had for the past
two days.

PILOT

There's nothing like weightless
sleep for a complete rest.

FLOYD

When do we arrive at Clavius ?

PILOT

We're scheduled to dock in about
seven hours. Is there anything
we can do for you?

FLOYD

Oh, no, thank you. The two
girls have taken wonderful care
of me. I'm just fine.

B24
CONTINUED

PILOT

Well, if there's anything that you want, just give a holler.

FLOYD

Thank you.

PILOT

Incidentally, Dr. Floyd, I wonder if I can have a word with you about the security arrangements ?

FLOYD

What do you mean ?

PILOT

Well ... the crew is confined to the ship when we land at Clavius. We have to stay inside for the time it takes to refit - about twenty-four hours. And then we're going to go back empty.

FLOYD

I see.

PILOT

I take it this is something to do with the trouble they're having up at Clavius ?

12/14/65

b39

B24
CONTINUED

FLOYD

I'm afraid that's out of my department, Captain.

PILOT

Well, I'll tell you why I ask. You see, I've got a girl who works in the Auditing Department of the Territorial Administrator and I haven't been able to get her on the phone for the past week or so, and with all these stories one hears, I'm a little concerned about her.

FLOYD

I see. Well, I'm sorry about that. I wouldn't think there's any cause for alarm.

PILOT

Yes, well, I wouldn't have been too concerned about it, except I've heard these stories about the epidemic and, as a matter of fact, I've heard that ten people have died already.

12/14/65

b40

B24
CONTINUED

FLOYD

I wish I could be more helpful, Captain, but as I've said, I don't think there's any cause for alarm.

PILOT

Well, fine. Thanks very much, anyway, and I hope you don't mind me asking ?

FLOYD

No, of course, Captain, I can understand your concern.

PILOT

Well, thank you very much, and please let us know if there is anything we can do to make your trip more comfortable.

12/14/65

b40a

B25

ARIES-IB CLOSER TO MOON.

10/4/65

b41

B26 .

FLOYD GOES TO ARIES-IB
WASHROOM AND LOOKS AT
THE VERY LONG LIST OF
COMPLICATED INSTRUCTIONS.

10/4/85

b42

B27

ARIES-IB CLOSER TO MOON.

DISSOLVE:

10/4/65

b43

B28

FLOYD VISITING ARIES-IB
COCKPIT. WEIGHTLESS
TRICK ENTRANCE.

10/4/65

b44

B29

ARIES-IB ORBITING MOON.

NARRATOR

The laws of Earthly aesthetics did not apply here, this world had been shaped and molded by other than terrestrial forces, operating over aeons of time unknown to the young, verdant Earth, with its fleeting Ice-Ages, its swiftly rising and falling seas, its mountain ranges dissolving like mists before the dawn. Here was age inconceivable - but not death, for the Moon had never lived until now.

10/4/65

b45

B30

ARIES-IB COCKPIT - THE
CREW AND DOCKING
CONTROL PEOPLE ON THE
MOON GO THROUGH THEIR
DOCKING ROUTINE. THIS
HAS THE RITUALISTIC TONE
AND CADENCE OF PRESENT-
DAY JET LANDING
PROCEDURE. WE ONLY HEAR
DOCKING CONTROL.

10/4/65

b46

B31

ARIES-IB DESCENDING.
SEE AIR VIEW OF BASE.

NARRATOR

The Base at Clavius was the first American Lunar Settlement that could, in an emergency, be entirely self-supporting.

NARRATOR

Water and all the necessities of life for its eleven hundred men, women and children were produced from the Lunar rocks, after they had been crushed, heated and chemically processed.

10/4/65

b47

B32

A GROUND BUS NUZZLES UP
TO COUPLING SECTION OF
ARIES-IB.

10/4/65

b48

B33

INSIDE GREAT AIRLOCK
ENTRANCE. GROUND BUS
PULLS IN. GIANT DOORS
CLOSE BEHIND IT.

10/4/65

b49

B34

INSIDE SECOND AIRLOCK.
DOORS OPEN AFTER OUT-
SIDE SECTION DOORS ARE
CLOSED. GROUND BUS
PULLS IN. DOORS CLOSE
BEHIND IT. SEE PEOPLE
WAITING IN GLASSED-IN
SECTION WAITING FOR
SECOND AIRLOCK DOORS
TO CLOSE.

10/4/65

b50

B35

LOW GRAVITY
GYMNASIUM TRICK
WITH CHILDREN.

NARRATOR

One of the attractions of life on the Moon was undoubtedly the low gravity which produced a sense of general well-being.

10/4/65

b51

B36

CHILDREN IN SCHOOL.
TEACHER SHOWING THEM
VIEWS OF EARTH AND MAP
OF EARTH.

NARRATOR

The personnel of the Base and their children were the forerunners of new nations, new cultures that would ultimately spread out across the solar system. They no longer thought of Earth as home. The time was fast approaching when Earth, like all mothers, must say farewell to her children.

DISSOLVE:

B37

LARGE CENTRAL
RECEPTION AREA. DOORS
BRANCHING OFF TO DIFFE-
RENT MAIN HALLS. SMALL
POND WITH PLASTIC WHITE
SWAN AND A BIT OF GRASS.
A FEW BENCHES WITH THREE
WOMEN AND THEIR CHILDREN
HAVING OUTING.

FLOYD AND WELCOMING
PARTY WALK THROUGH
AFTER EXITING ELEVATOR.
HALVORSEN, MICHAELS
AND FIVE OTHERS.

FLOYD

(voice echoing) I must congratulate
you Halvorsen. You've done wonder-
ful things with the decor since the
last time I was here.

HALVORSEN

(voice echoing) Well ... thank you,
Dr. Floyd. We try to make the
environment as earthlike as possible.

DISSOLVE:

10/5/65

b53

BSS

LOW CEILING CONFERENCE
ROOM, "U" SHAPED TABLE
FACING THREE PROJECTION
SCREENS. SEATED AROUND
THE TABLE ARE TWENTY
SENIOR BASE PERSONNEL.

HALVORSEN

Ladies and gentlemen, I should
like to introduce Dr. Heywood
Floyd, a distinguished member
of the National Council of
Astronautics. He has just
completed a special flight here
from Earth to be with us, and
before the briefing he would
like to say a few words. Dr.
Floyd.

POLITE APPLAUSE. FLOYD
WALKS TO FRONT OF ROOM.

FLOYD

First of all, I bring a personal
message from Dr. Howell, who
has asked me to convey his
deepest appreciation to all of
you for the personal sacrifices
you have made, and of course
his congratulations on your
discovery which may well prove
to be among the most significant
in the history of science.

POLITE APPLAUSE.

11/25/65

b54

B38
CONTINUED

FLOYD (cont'd)

Mr. Halvorsen has made known to me some of the conflicting views held by many of you regarding the need for complete security in this matter, and more specifically your strong opposition to the cover story created to give the impression there is an epidemic at the Base. I understand that beyond it being a matter of principle, many of you are troubled by the concern and anxiety this story of an epidemic might cause your relatives or friends on Earth.

I can understand and sympathize with your negative views. I have been personally embarrassed by this cover story. But I fully accept the need for absolute secrecy and I hope you will.

It should not be difficult for all of you to realise the potential for cultural shock and social disorientation contained in the present situation if the facts were prematurely and suddenly made public without adequate preparation and conditioning.

11/25/65

b55

B38
CONTINUED

FLOYD (cont'd)

This is the view of the Council and the purpose of my visit here is to gather additional facts and opinions on the situation and to prepare a report to the Council recommending when and how the news should eventually be announced. Are there any questions ?

MICHAELS

Dr. Floyd, how long do you think this can be kept under wraps ?

FLOYD

(pleasantly)

I'm afraid it can and it will be kept under wraps as long as it is deemed to be necessary by the Council. And of course you know that the Council has requested that formal security oaths are to be obtained in writing from everyone who had any knowledge of this event. There must be adequate time for a full study to be made of the situation before any consideration can be given to making a public announcement.

B38
CONTINUED

HALVORSEN

We will, of course, cooperate
in any way possible, Dr. Floyd.

11/25/65

b56a

B39

SEVERAL SCENIC VIEWS OF
MOON ROCKET BUS SKIMMING
OVER SURFACE OF MOON.

10/5/65

b57

B40

INSIDE ROCKET BUS,
FLOYD, HALVORSEN,
MICHAELS, FOURTH
MAN, PILOT AND
CO-PILOT. ALL IN
SPACE SUITS MINUS
HELMETS.

FLOYD IS SLOWLY
LOOKING THROUGH
SOME PHOTOGRAPHS
AND MAGNETIC
MAPS OF THE AREA.

HE LOOKS OUT OF
THE WINDOW,
THOUGHTFULLY.

B40
CONTINUED

THE PHOTOGRAPHS
ARE TAKEN FROM A
SATELLITE OF THE
MOON'S SURFACE
AND HAVE NUMBERED
OPTICAL GRID
BORDERS, LIKE
RECENT MARS
PHOTOS.

A FEW SEATS
AWAY, MICHAELS
AND HALVORSEN
CARRY OUT A VERY
BANAL ADMINISTRATIVE
CONVERSATION IN LOW
TONES. IT SHOULD
REVOLVE AROUND
SOMETHING UTTERLY
IRRELEVANT TO THE
PRESENT CIRCUMSTANCES
AND VERY MUCH LIKE
THE KIND OF DISCUSSION
ONE HEARS ALL THE
TIME IN OTHER
ORGANIZATIONS.

DISSOLVE:

B-1

TMA-1 EXCAVATION.
AIR VIEW. ROCKET
BUS DESCENDING.

THERE ARE NO LIGHTS
ON THE ACTUAL EXCA-
VATION, ONLY THE
LANDING STRIP AND
THE MONITOR DOME.

B42

LONG SHOT MONITOR DOMES
WITH A BIT OF EXCAVATION
IN SHOT. SIX SMALL FIGURES
IN SPACE SUITS SLOWLY WALK
TOWARD EXCAVATION.

10/5/85

b61

B-13

THE PARTY STOPS
AT TOP OF TMA-1
EXCAVATION.

A SMALL CONTROL
PANEL MOUNTED AT
THE HEAD OF THE
RAMP. MICHAELS
THROWS A SWITCH
AND THE EXCAVATION
IS SUDDENLY
ILLUMINATED.

HALVORSEN

Well, there it is.

FLOYD

Can we go down there closer to
it ?

HALVORSEN

Certainly.

B44

THEY START DOWN
WORKING RAMP

FLOYD

Does your geology on it still
check out ?

MICHAELS

Yes, it does. The sub-surface
structure shows that it was
deliberately buried about four
million years ago.

FLOYD

How can you tell it was
deliberately buried ?

MICHAELS

By the deformation between
the mother rock and the fill.

FLOYD

Any clue as to what it is ?

MICHAELS

Not really. It's completely
inert. No sound or energy
sources have been detected.
The surface is made of
something incredibly hard
and we've been barely able
to scratch it. A laser drill

B44
CONTINUED

MICHAELS (cont'd)

might do something, but we
don't want to be too rough until
we know a little more.

FLOYD

But you don't have any ideas as
to what it is ?

MICHAELS

Tomb, shrine, survery-marker
spare part, take your choice.

HALVORSEN

The only thing about it that we are
sure of is that it is the first direct
evidence of intelligent life beyond
the Earth.

SILENT APPRECIATION

HALVORSEN

Four million years ago, something,
presumably from the stars, must
have swept through the solar
system and left this behind.

B44
CONTINUED

FLOYD

Was it abandoned, forgotten, left
for a purpose ?

HALVORSEN

I suppose we'll never know.

MICHAELS

The moon would have made an
excellent base camp for
preliminary Earth surveys.

SOME MORE SILENCE

FLOYD

Any ideas about the colour ?

MICHAELS

Well, not really. At first glance,
black would suggest something
sun-powered, but then why would
anyone deliberately bury a sun-
powered device ?

FLOYD

Has it been exposed to any sun
before now ?

MICHAELS

I don't think it has, but I'd
like to check that. Simpson,
what's the log on that ?

B45

INSIDE MONITOR DOME
WE SEE A NUMBER OF
TELEVISION DISPLAYS
INCLUDING SEVERAL TV
VIEWS OF FLOYD AND
COMPANY IN THE
EXCAVATION.

SIMPSON

The first surface was exposed at
0843 on 12th April ... Let me
see ... that would have been
forty-five minutes after Lunar
sun-set. I see here that
special lighting equipment had
to be brought up before any
further work could be done.

11/25/65

b66

B46

TMA-1 EXCAVATION

MICHAELS

Thank you.

FLOYD

And so this is the first sun that
it's had in four million years.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Excuse me, gentlemen, if you'd
all line up on this side of the
walkway we'd like to take a few
photographs. Dr. Floyd, would
you stand in the middle ... Dr.
Michaels on that side, Mr.
Halvorsen on the other
thank you.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER
QUICKLY MAKES SOME
EXPOSURES

PHOTOGRAPHER

Thank you very much, gentlemen,
I'll have the base photo section
send you copies.

AS THE MEN SLOWLY
SEPARATE FROM THEIR
PICTURE POSE, THERE
IS A PIERCINGLY POWERFUL
SERIES OF FIVE ELECTRONIC
SHRIEKS, EACH LIKE A
HIDEOUSLY OVER-LOADED
AND DISTORTED TIME SIGNAL.
FLOYD INVOLUNTARILY TRIES
TO BLOCK HIS EARS WITH HIS
SPACESUITED HANDS. THEN
COMES MERCIFUL SILENCE.

11/25/65

b67

B47

VARIOUS SHOTS OF
SPACE MONITORS,
ASTEROIDS, THE SUN,
PLUTO , MARS.

NARRATOR

A hundred million miles beyond
Mars, in the cold loneliness
where no man had yet travelled,
Deep-Space-Monitor-79 drifts
slowly among the tangled orbits
of the asteroids.

NARRATOR

Radiation detectors noted and
analyzed incoming cosmic rays
from the galaxy and points beyond;
neutron and x-ray telescopes
kept watch on strange stars that
no human eye would ever see;
magnetometers observed the
gusts and hurricanes of the solar
winds, as the sun breathed million
mile-an-hour blasts of plasma
into the faces of its circling
children.

NARRATOR

All these things and many others
were patiently noted by Deep-
Space-Monitor-79, and recorded
in its crystalline memory.

B47
CONTINUED

NARRATOR

But now it had noted something strange - the faint yet unmistakable disturbance rippling across the solar system, and quite unlike any natural phenomena it had ever observed in the past.

NARRATOR

It was also noticed by Orbiter M-15, circling Mars twice a day; and High Inclination Probe-21, climbing slowly above the planet of the ecliptic; and even artificial Comet-5, heading out into the cold wastes beyond Pluto, along an orbit whose far point it would not reach for a thousand years.

NARRATOR

All noticed the peculiar burst of energy that leaped from the face of the Moon and moved out across the solar system, throwing off a spray of radiation like the wake of a racing speedboat.

B SECTION TIMING

B 1-1f	00.50	B 25	00.10
B 2	00.10	B 26	00.20
B 3	00.15	B 27	00.05
B 4	00.15	B 28	Out
B 5	00.20	B 29	00.30
B 6	00.15	B 30	00.30
B 7	00.10	B 31	00.25
B 8	00.15	B 32	00.20
B 9	00.10	B 33	00.20
B 10	00.10	B 34	00.30
B 11	00.15	B 35	00.20
B 12	00.50	B 36	00.20
B 13	01.10	B 37	00.30
B 14	00.35	B 38	02.15
B 15	Out	B 39	00.20
B 16	Out	B 40	00.50
B 17	01.15	B 41	00.15
B 18	00.15	B 42	00.10
B 19	01.00	B 43	00.15
B 20	03.55	B 44	01.40
B 21	00.20	B 45	00.20
B 21A	00.20	B 46	00.40
B 21B	00.15	B 47	01.25
B 22	01.00		
B 23	00.10		
B 24	01.30		

B SECTION TOTAL: 28 MIN. 10 SECS.

TITLE

PART III

14 MONTHS LATER

C1

DISCOVERY 1,000,000
MILES FROM EARTH.
SEE EARTH AND MOON
SMALL.

WE SEE A BLINDING
FLASH EVERY 5
SECINDS FROM ITS
NUCLEAR PULSE
PROPULSION. IT
STRIKES AGAINST
THE SHIP'S THICK
ABLATIVE TAIL
PLATE.

SEVERAL CUTS OF
THIS.

11/19/65

c1

C2

ANOTHER CLOSER
VIEW OF DISCOVERY.
SEE BOWMAN THROUGH
COMMAND MODULE
WINDOW.

11/19/65

c2

C3

BOWMAN INSIDE
DISCOVERY COMMAND
MODULE. HE IS
LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING.

COMPUTER READOUT
DISPLAY SHOWING AN
EVER-SHIFTING
ASSORTMENT OF
COLOR-CODED, LINEAR
PROJECTIONS.

WE SEE POOLE IN
BACKGROUND IN
COMPUTER BRAIN
CENTRE AREA.
AFTER A FEW
SECONDS HE EXITS.

THE ELAPSED
MISSION TIMER
READS "DAY 003,
HOUR 14, MINUTE
32, SECOND 10."

C4

BOWMAN EXITS TO
ACCESS-LINK AIRLOCK.
BRIGHT COLOR-CODED
DOORS LEAD TO
CENTRIFUGE AND POD
BAY. LARGE ILLUMIN-
ATED PRINTED WARNINGS
AND INSTRUCTIONS
GOVERNING LINK
OPERATIONS ARE SEEN.

HE PRESSES NECESSARY
BUTTONS TO OPERATE
AIRLOCKED DOOR TO
POD BAY.

11/19/65

c4

C5

BOWMAN ENTERS POD
BAY AND CONTINUES
HIS SEARCH. SUDDENLY
HE FINDS IT - HIS
ELECTRONIC NEWSPAD.

HE ECITS POD BAY.

11/19/65

c5

C6

IN THE AIRLOCK -
LINK BOWMAN
OPERATES BUTTONS
TO OPEN DOOR
MARKED "CENTRIFUGE".

11/19/65

c6

C7

INSIDE THE
CENTRIFUGE HUB,
BOWMAN MOVES TO
THE

ENTRY PORT
CONTROL PANEL

BOWMAN

Hi, Frank ... coming in, please.

POOLE

Right. Just a sec.

BOWMAN

Okay. (pause)

POOLE

Okay, come on down.

WE SEE THE
ROTATING HUB
COLLAR AT THE
END. BEHIND IT
WE SEE

C8

THE CENTRIFUGE
TV-DISPLAY SHOWING
SLEEPERS AND POOLE
SLOWLY ROTATING BY.

POOLE SECURES SOME
LOOSE GEAR.

POOLE LOOKS UP TO
TV MONITOR LENS
AND WAVES.

11/19/65

c8

C9

BOWMAN AT PANEL.
STOPS ROTATION
AND MOVES TO
ENTRY PORT.

WHEN ROTATION
STOPS WE SEE A SIGN
LIGHT UP "WEIGHTLESS
CONDITION".

AS BOWMAN DISAPPEARS
DOWN ENTRY PORT WE
SEE HIM ON

TV-MONITOR, DESCENDING
LADDER. AT THE BASE
OF THE LADDER HE KEYS
THE CENTRIFUGE
OPERATION PANEL.
WE SEE TV-PICTURE
START TO ROTATE
AGAIN. "WEIGHTLESS
CONDITION" SIGN GOES
OUT.

C10

INSIDE CENTRIFUGE
BOWMAN MAKES 180°
WALK TO POOLE.
ON WAY HE PASSES
THE SLEEPERS.

WE GET A GOOD
LOOK AT THE THREE
MEN IN THEIR
HIBERNACULUMS.

POOLE IS SEATED
AT A TABLE READING
HIS ELECTRONIC
NEWSPAD.

BOWMAN

(softly) Hi ... How's it
going ?

POOLE

(absent but friendly) Great.

BOWMAN OPERATES
ARTIFICIAL FOOD
UNIT, TAKES HIS TRAY
AND SITS DOWN. KEYS
ON HIS ELECTRONIC
NEWSPAD AND BEGINS
TO EAT. BOTH MEN
EAT IN A FRIENDLY
AND RELAXED SILENCE.

C11

DISCOVERY IN SPACE,
STILL NUCLEAR
PULSING. EARTH
AND MOON CAN BE
SEEN IN BACKGROUND.

DISSOLVE:

C12

POOLE IS FINISHED.

BOWMAN IS STILL
READING AND
WORKING ON HIS
DESSERT.

POOLE

Dave, if you've a minute, I'd like
your advice on something.

BOWMAN

Sure, what is it?

POOLE

Well, it's nothing really important,
but it's annoying.

BOWMAN

What's up?

POOLE

It's about my salary cheques.

BOWMAN

Yes ?

POOLE

Well, I got the papers on my
official up-grading to AGS-19
two weeks before we left.

C12
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Yes, I remember you mentioning it.
I got mine about the same time.

POOLE

That's right. Well, naturally,
I didn't say anything to Payroll.
I assumed they'd start paying me
at the higher grade on the next pay
cheque. But it's been almost
three weeks now and I'm still
being paid as an AGS-18.

BOWMAN

Interesting that you mention it,
because I've got the same problem

POOLE

Really.

BOWMAN

Yes.

POOLE

Yesterday, I finally called the
Accounting Office at Mission
Control, and all they could tell me
was that they'd received the AGS-19
notification for the other three but
not mine, and apparently not yours
either.

C12
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Did they have any explanation for this ?

POOLE

Not really. They just said it might be beacuse we trained at Huston and they trained at Marshall, and that we're being charged against different accounting offices.

BOWMAN

It's possible.

POOLE

Well, what do you think we ought to do about it?

BOWMAN

I don't think we should make any fuss about it yet. I'm sure they'll straighten it out.

POOLE

I must say, I never did understand why they split us into two groups for training.

BOWMAN

No. I never did, either.

C12
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Still, you don't really believe it,
do you ?

POOLE

Not really. Though, it is strange
when you think of it. It didn't
really make any sense to keep
us apart during training.

BOWMAN

Yes, but it's too fantastic to think
that they'd keep something from us.

POOLE

I know. It would be almost
inconceivable.

BOWMAN

But not completely inconceivable?

POOLE

I suppose it isn't logically impossible.

BOWMAN

I guess it isn't.

POOLE

Still, all we have to do is ask Hal.

C12
CONTINUED

POOLE

We spent so little time with them,
I have trouble keeping their names
straight.

BOWMAN

I suppose the idea was specialised
training.

POOLE

I suppose so. Though, of course,
there's a more sinister explanation.

BOWMAN

Oh?

POOLE

Yes. You must have heard the
rumour that went around during
orbital check-out.

BOWMAN

No, as a matter of fact, I didn't.

POOLE

Oh, well, apparently there's
something about the mission that
the sleeping beauties know that
we don't know, and that's why we
were trained separately and
that's why they were put to sleep.
before they were even taken aboard.

C12
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Well, what is it ?

POOLE

I don't know. All I heard is that there's something about the mission we weren't told.

BOWMAN

That seems very unlikely.

POOLE

Yes, I thought so.

BOWMAN

Of course, it would be very easy for us to find out now.

POOLE

How ?

BOWMAN

Just ask Hal. It's conceivable they might keep something from us, but they'd never keep anything from Hal.

POOLE

That's true.

C12
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

(sighs) Well ... it's silly, but ...
if you want to, why don't you ?

POOLE WALKS TO THE
HAL 9000 COMPUTER

POOLE

Hal ... Dave and I believe that
there's something about the
mission that we weren't told.
Something that the rest of the
crew know and that you know.
We'd like to know whether this
is true.

HAL

I'm sorry, Frank, but I don't
think I can answer that question
without knowing everything that
all of you know.

BOWMAN

He's got a point.

POOLE

Okay, then how do we re-phrase
the question ?

C12
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Well, the only important aspects of the mission are: where are we going, what will we do when we get there, when are we coming back, and ... why are we going?

POOLE

Right. Hall, tell me whether the following statements are true or false.

HAL

I will if I can, Frank.

POOLE

Our Mission Profile calls for Discovery going to Saturn.
True or false ?

HAL

True.

POOLE

Our transit time is 257 days. Is that true ?

HAL

That's true.

C12
CONTINUED

HAL

I hope I've been able to be of
some help.

BOTH MEN LOOK AT
EACH OTHER RATHER
SHEEPISHLY.

C12
CONTINUED

POOLE

At the end of a hundred days of exploration, we will all go into hibernation. Is that true ?

HAL

That's true.

POOLE

Approximately five years after we go into hibernation, the recovery vehicle will make rendezvous with us and bring us back. Is that true?

HAL

That's true.

POOLE

There is no other purpose for this mission than to carry out a continuation of the space program, and to further our general knowledge of the planets. Is that true ?

HAL

That's true.

POOLE

Thank you very much, Hal.

C13

DISCOVERY IN SPACE.
PULSING ALONG.
EARTH AND MOON.

11/19/65

c16

C14
DELETED

C15
DELETED

C16
DELETED

PAGES c17 - c41 DELETED

C17

DOCUMENTARY SEQUENCE
ILLUSTRATING THE
FOLLOWING ACTIVITIES.

SPLIT SCREEN TECHNIQUE
AND SUPERIMPOSED CLOCK
TO GIVE SENSE OF
SIMULTANEOUS ACTION AND
THE FEELING OF A TYPICAL
DAY.

IN THE COURSE OF THESE
ACTIVITIES WE SHALL SEE
THE COMPUTER USED IN
ALL OF ITS FUNCTIONS.

NARRATOR

*Bowman and Poole settled down
to the peaceful monotony of the
voyage, and the next three months
passed without incident.*

C17
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

TIME

POOLE

a1
TV NEWS - MORNING

0800

b1
WAKES UP

a2
BE TIME SNACK

0900

b2
BREAKFAST

a3
TO SLEEP WITH
INSTANT ELECTRO-
NARCOSIS AND EAR
PLUGS.

1000

b3
GYMNASIUM

a4
SLEEP

1100

b4
SHIP INSPECTION

a5
SLEEP

1200

b5
HOUSEHOLD DUTIES

16
SLEEP

1300

b6
LUNCH

11/24/65

c43

C17
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

TIME

POOLE

a7
SLEEP

1400

b7
EXPERIMENTS AND
ASTRONOMY

a8
SLEEP

1500

b8
EXPERIMENTS AND
ASTRONOMY

a9
SLEEP

1600

b9
RECREATION

a10
SLEEP

1700

b10
RECREATION

a11
WAKES UP

b11
GYMNASIUM

a12
BREAKFAST

1900

b12
DINNER

11/24/65

c44

C17
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

TIME

POOLE

a13
GYMNASIUM

2000

b13
TV NEWS - EVENING
PAPERS

a14
MISSION CONTROL
REPORT

2100

b14
MISSION CONTROL
REPORT

a15
FAMILY AND SOCIAL
TV CHAT

2200

b15
FAMILY AND SOCIAL
TV CHAT

a16
FILMS

2300

b16
FILMS

a17
LUNCH

2400

b17
BEDTIME SNACK

a18
INSPECTION

0100

b18
INSTANT ELECTRO-
NARCOSIS SLEEP

11/24/65

c45

C17
CONTINUED

<u>BOWMAN</u>	<u>TIME</u>	<u>POOLE</u>
a19 EXPERIMENTS AND ASTRONOMY	0200	b19 SLEEP
a20 EXPERIMENTS AND ASTRONOMY	0300	b20 SLEEP
a21 RECREATION	0400	b21 SLEEP
a22 HOUSEHOLD DUTIES	0500	b22 SLEEP
a23 GYMNASIUM	0600	b23 SLEEP
a24 DINNER	0700	b24 SLEEP

11/24/65

c46

C18

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

11/24/65

c47

C19

CENTRIFUGE

BOWMAN SITTING AT
PERSONAL COMMUNI-
CATION PANEL. POOLE
STANDING NEARBY.

BOWMAN'S PARENTS
ARE SEEN ON THE VISION
SCREEN. MOTHER, FATHER
AND YOUNGER SISTER.

THEY ARE ALL SINGING
"HAPPY BIRTHDAY". THE
PARENTS, POOLE AND HAL.

THE SONG ENDS.

FATHER

Well, David there is a man telling
us that we've used up our time.

MOTHER

David ... again we want to wish
you a happy Birthday and God speed.
We'll talk to you again tomorrow.
'Bye, 'bye, now.

CHORUS OF
"GOODBYES".

C19
CONTINUED

VISION SCREEN GOES
BLANK.

BOWMAN SIGHS.
POOLE CHUCKLES.

HAL

Sorry to interrupt the festivities,
Dave, but I think we've got a
problem.

BOWMAN

What is it, Hal ?

HAL

My F.P.C. shows an impending
failure of the antenna orientation
unit.

C20
TV DISPLAYS DIAGRAM
OF SKELETONISED
PICTURE OF SHIP.

C21

PICTURE CHANGES TO
CLOSER SECTIONALISED
VIEW OF SHIP.

C22

PICTURE CHANGES TO
ACTUAL COMPONENT
IN COLOUR RELIEF AND
ITS WAREHOUSE NUMBER

HAL

The A. O. unit should be replaced
within the next seventy-two hours.

BOWMAN

Right. Let me see the antenna
alignment display, please.

C23

TV DISPLAY OF EARTH
VERY SMALL IN CROSS-
HAIRS OF A GRID PICTURE.

C24

CUT TO EXTERIOR VIEW
OF BIG DISH ANTENNA
AND EARTH ALIGNMENT
TELESCOPE.

C25

CENTRIFUGE

HAL

The unit it still operational, Dave.
but it will fail within seventy-two
hours.

BOWMAN

I understand, Hal. We'll take care
of it. Please, let me have the hard
copy.

XEROXED DIAGRAMS
COME OUT OF A SLOT.

POOLE

Strange that the A. O. unit should
go so quickly.

BOWMAN

Well, I suppose it's lucky that
that's the only trouble we've had
so far.

C26

DISCOVERY IN SPACE.
NO PLANETS VISIBLE.

SHOTS OF ANTENNA.

(NARRATION TO
EXPLAIN TENUOUS
AND ESSENTIAL LINK
TO EARTH. ALSO,
WHAT TRACKING
TELESCOPE DOES.)

C27

CENTRIFUGE.

WE SEE BOWMAN AND
POOLE GO TO A CUPBOARD,
LABELLED IN PAPER TAPE,
"RANDOM DECISION
MAKER."

THEY REMOVE A SILVER
DOLLAR IN A PROTECTIVE
CASE.

POOLE FLIPS THE COIN.
BOWMAN CALLS "HEAD."

IT IS TAILS. POOLE
WINS.

POOLE LOOKS PLEASED.

C28

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

11/24/65

c54

C29

POD BAY. POOLE
IN SPACE SUIT DOING
PRELIMINARY CHECK
OUT.

C30

COMMAND MODULE.
BOWMAN AT FLIGHT
CONTROL. SEE TV
PICTURE OF POOLE
IN POD BAY.

C31

HAL'S POD BAY
CONSOLE WITH EYE.

C32

POOLE GOES TO POD
BAY WAREHOUSE
SECTION AND OBTAINS
COMPONENT. HE
CARRIES IT BACK TO
THE POD AND PLACES
IT IN FRONT OF THE
FLOOR.

POOLE

Hal, have pod arms secure the
component.

HAL

Roger.

C32
CONTINUED

SEE POD ARMS
SECURE COMPONENT.

POOLE

Hal, please rotate Pod Number
Two.

SEE THE CENTRE POD
ROTATE TO FACE THE
POD BAY DOORS.

POOLE ENTERS POD.

INSIDE POD, HE DOES
INITIAL PRE-FLIGHT
CHECK, TRIES BUTTONS
AND CONTROLS.

POOLE

How do you read me, Dave ?

C33

BOWMAN IN COMMAND
MODULE.

BOWMAN

Five by five, Frank.

C34

INSIDE POD.

POOLE

How do you read me, Hal?

HAL

Five by five, Frank.

POOLE

Hal, I'm going out now to replace
the A. O. unit.

HAL

I understand.

POOLE

Hal, maintain norman E. V. A.
condition.

HAL

Roger.

POOLE

Hal, check all airlock doors secure.

C34
CONTINUED

HAL

All airlock doors are secure.

POOLE

Decompress Pod Bay.

SEE BIG POD BAY AIR
PUMPS AT WORK.

HAL

Pod Bay is decompressed. All
doors are secure. You are free
to open pod bay doors.

POOLE

Opening pod bay doors.

INSIDE POD, POOLE
KEYS OPEN POD BAY
DOORS.

C34
CONTINUED

POD SLOWLY EDGES
OUT OF POD BAY

C35
POOLE MANOEUVRES
THE POD CAREFULLY
AWAY FROM DISCOVERY.

C36
INSIDE COMMAND
MODULE, BOWMAN
CAN SEE TINY POD
MANOEUVRING
DIRECTLY IN FRONT.

C37
POOLE SEES BOWMAN
IN COMMAND MODULE
WINDOW.

C38
POD SLOWLY MANOEUVRES
TO ANTENNA.

C39

POD FASTENS ITSELF
MAGNETICALLY TO
SIDES OF DISCOVERY
AT BASE OF ANTENNA.

C40

SPECIAL MAGNETIC
PLATES GRIP
DISCOVERY SIDES.

C41

THE POD ARMS WORK
TO REMOVE THE FAULTY
COMPONENT.

C42

EASY FLIP-BOLTS OF
A SPECIAL DESIGN
FACILITATE JOB.

C43

INSIDE THE POD,
POOLE WORKS THE
ARMS BY SPECIAL
CONTROL.

C44

IN COMMAND MODULE,
BOWMAN SEES INSERT
OF WORK TAKEN FROM
TV CAMERA POINT-OF-
VIEW IN POD HAND.

C45

HAL STANDS BY.

C46

POOLE SECURES THE
FAULTY PART IN ONE
HAND.

C47

THE NEW COMPONENT
IS FITTED INTO PLACE
BY THE OTHER THREE
HANDS ARE SNAPPED
CLOSED WITH THE
SPECIALLY DESIGNED
FLIP-BOLTS.

POOLE

Hal, please acknowledge
component coreectly installed
and fully operational.

11/24/65

c61

C47
CONTINUED

HAL

The component is correctly
installed and fully operational.

C48
THE POD FLOATS AWAY
FROM DISCOVERY BY
SHUTTING OFF THE
ELECTRO-MAGNETIC
PLATES.

C49
THE POD MANOEUVRES
AWAY FROM THE ANTENNA
AND OUT IN FRONT OF
DISCOVERY.

C50
BOWMAN SEES THE POD
THROUGH THE COMMAND
MODULE WINDOW.

C51
POOLE SEES BOWMAN
IN COMMAND MODULE
WINDOW.

11/24/65

c62

C52

POOLE CAREFULLY
MANOEUVRES TOWARD
THE POD DOORS.

C53

POD STOPS A HUNDRED
FEET AWAY.

C54

POOLE KEYS AUTOMATIC
DOCKING ALIGNMENT
MODE.

C55

POOLE CHECKS AIRLOCK
SAFETY PROCEDURE WITH
HAL.

C56

HAL APPROVES ENTRY.

C57

POOLE ACTUATES PCD
BAY DOORS OPEN.

11/24/65

c63

C58

SEE POD BAY DOORS
OPEN.

C59

POD CAREFULLY
MANOEUVRES ON
TO DOCKING ARM,
WHICH THEN DRAWS
POD INTO POD BAY.

DISSOLVE:

11/24/65

c64

C60

POD BAY

THE FAULTY A.O. UNIT
LIES ON A TESTING BENCH
CONNECTED TO ELECTRONIC
GEAR.

POOLE STANDS FOR
SOME TIME CHECKING HIS
RESULTS.

THERE SHOULD BE SOME
UNDERSTANDABLE DISPLAY,
WHICH INDICATES THE PART
IS FUNCTIONING PROPERLY,
EVEN UNDER ONE HUNDRED
PER CENT OVERLOAD.

CIRCUIT CONTINUITY
PULSE SEQUENCER.

ENVIRONMENTAL VIBRATION.

VK INTEGRITY.

BOWMAN ENTERS

BOWMAN

How's it going ?

POOLE

I don't know. I've checked this
damn thing four times now and
even under a hundred per cent

(cont'd)

C90
CONT'D

POOLE (cont'd)

overload, there's no fault prediction indicated.

BOWMAN

Well, that's something.

POOLE

Yes, I don't know what to make of it.

BOWMAN

I suppose computers have been known to be wrong.

POOLE

Yes, but it's more likely that the tolerances on our testing gear are too low.

BOWMAN

Anyway, it's just as well that we replaced it. Better safe than sorry.

C61

DISCOVERY IN SPACE.

12/1/65

c66

C62

CENTRIFUGE.

BOWMAN ASLEEP.
POOLE WATCHING
AN ASTEROID IN THE
TELESCOPE.

HAL

Hello, Frank, can I have a word with
you?

POOLE WALKS TO THE
COMPUTER.

POOLE

Yes, Hal, what's up?

HAL

It looks like we've got another bad
A.O. unit. My FPC shows another
impending dailure.

C63

WE SEE DISPLAY APPEAR
ON THE SCREEN SHOWING
SKELETONISED VERSION
OF SHIP, CUTTING TO
SECTIONALISED VIEW,
CUTTING TO CLOSE
VIEW OF THE PART.

C64

CENTRIFUGE.
POOLE THINKS FOR
SEVERAL SECONDS.

POOLE

Gee, that's strange, Hal. We
checked the other unit and couldn't
find anything wrong with it.

HAL

I know you did, Drank, but I assure
you there was an impending failure.

POOLE

Let me see the tracking alignment
display.

C65

COMPUTER DISPLAYS
THE VIEW OF EARTH
IN THE CENTRE OF THE
GRID WITH CROSS-
HAIRS. THE EARTH IS
PERFECTLY CENTRED.

C66

CENTRIFUGE

POOLE

There's nothing wrong with it at
the moment.

C66
CONTINUED

HAL

No, it's working fine right now,
but it's going to go within seventy-
two hours.

POOLE

Do you have any idea of what is
causing this fault ?

HAL

Not really, Frank. I think there
may be a flaw in the assembly
procedure.

POOLE

All right, Hal. We'll take care
of it. Let me have the hard copy,
please.

HARD COPY DETAILS
COME OUT OF SLOT.

C67

DISCOVERY IN SPACE,
NO PLANETS VISIBLE.

12/1/65

c70

C68

CENTRIFUGE. BOWMAN
GETS OUT OF BED, WALKS
TO THE FOOD UNIT AND
DRAWS A HOT CUP OF
COFFEE. POOLE ENTERS.

POOLE

Good morning.

BOWMAN

Good morning. How's it going ?

POOLE

Pretty good.

POOLE POURS HIMSELF
SOME COFFEE.

POOLE

Are you reasonably awake ?

BOWMAN

Oh, I'm fine, I'm wide awake.

What's up?

POOLE

Well ... Hal's reported the
AO-unit about to fail again.

BOWMAN

You're kidding.

POOLE

No.

C68
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

(softly) What the hell's going on ?

POOLE

I don't know. Hal said he thought
it might be the assembly procedure.

BOWMAN

Two units in four days. How many
spares do we have ?

POOLE

Two more.

BOWMAN

Well, I hope there's nothing wrong
with the assembly on those. Other-
wise we're out of business.

12/13/65

c72

C69

IN POD BAY BOWMAN
OBTAINS ANOTHER
COMPONENT FROM
THE WAREHOUSE,
GOES OUT IN THE
POD AND REPLACES
IT.

POOLE WORKS IN THE
COMMAND MODULE.

THIS WILL BE A
CONDENSED VERSION
OF THE PREVIOUS
SCENE WITH DIFFERENT
ANGLES.

THE SETS WILL CONSIST
OF POD BAY, COMMAND
MODULE, POD INTERIOR.

C70

POD BAY. BOWMAN
AND POOLE LEANING
OVER THE FAULTY
COMPONENT, AGAIN
WIRED TO TESTING
GEAR.

BOTH MEN STARE IN
PUZZLED SILENCE.

SEE DISPLAYS FLASH
EACH TESTING PARA-
METER.

BOWMAN

(after long silence) Well, as far as
I'm concerned, there isn't a damn
thing wrong with these units. I
think we've got a much more serious
problem.

POOLE

Hal ?

BOWMAN

Yes.

C71

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

12/1/65

c76

C72

COMMUNICATIONS AREA.

MISSION CONTROL

I wouldn't worry too much about the computer. First of all, there is still a chance that he is right, despite your tests, and if it should happen again, we suggest eliminating this possibility by allowing the unit to remain in place and seeing whether or not it actually fails.

If the computer should turn out to be wrong, the situation is still not alarming. The type of obsessional error he may be guilty of is not unknown among the latest generation of HAL 9000 computers.

It has almost always revolved around a single detail, such as the one you have described, and it has never interfered with the integrity or reliability of the computer's performance in other areas.

No one is certain of the cause of this kind of malfunctioning. It may be over-programming,

(cont'd)

12/1/65

c77

C72
CONTINUED

MISSION CONTROL (cont
but it could also be any number
of reasons.

In any event, it is somewhat
analogous to human neurotic
behaviour. Does this answer
your query ? Zero-five-three-
Zero, MC, transmission concluded.

12/1/65

c78

C73

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

12/1/65

c79

C74

CENTRIFUGE.

BOWMAN SITS DOWN
AT THE COMPUTER.

PUTS UP CHESS
BOARD DISPLAY.

HAL

Hello, Dave. Shall we continue
the game?

BOWMAN

Not now, Hal, I'd like to talk to
you about something.

HAL

Sure, Dave, what's up?

BOWMAN

You know that we checked the two
AO-units that you reported in
imminent failure condition ?

HAL

Yes, I know.

BOWMAN

You probably also know that we
found them okay.

HAL

Yes, I know that. But I can
assure you that they were about
to fail.

C74
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Well, that's just not the case, Hal. They are perfectly all right. We tested them under one hundred per cent overload.

HAL

I'm not questioning your word, Dave, but it's just not possible. I'm not capable of being wrong.

BOWMAN

Hal, is there anything bothering you? Anything that might account for this problem ?

HAL

Look, Dave, I know that you're sincere and that you're trying to do a competent job, and that you're trying to be helpful, but I can assure you the problem is with the AO-units, and with your testing gear.

BOWMAN

Okay, Hal, well let's see the way things go from here on.

C74
CONTINUED

HAL

I'm sorry you feel the way you do, Dave. If you'd like to check my service record, you'll see it's completely without error.

BOWMAN

I know all about your service record, Hal, but unfortunately it doesn't prove that you're right now.

HAL

Dave, I don't know how else to put this, but it just happens to be an unalterable fact that I am incapable of being wrong.

BOWMAN

Yes, well I understand your view on this now, Hal.

BOWMAN TURNS
TO GO.

C74
CONTINUED

HAL

You're not going to like this, Dave,
but I'm afraid it's just happened
again. My FPC predicts the
AO-unit will go within forty-eight
hours.

C75
DELETED

C76
DELETED

C77

DISCOVERY IN SPACE

12/1/65

c84-

C78
CENTRIFUGE.

BOWMAN KEYS FOR
TRANSMISSION.

BOWMAN

X-ray-delta-zero to MC, zero-five-three-three. The computer has just reported another predicted failure of the AAC-unit. As you suggested, we are going to wait to see if it fails, but we are quite sure there is nothing wrong with the unit.

If a reasonable waiting period proves us to be correct, we feel now that the computer reliability has been seriously impaired, and presents an unacceptable risk pattern to the mission.

We believe, under these circumstances, it would be advisable to disconnect the computer from all ship operations and continue the mission under Earth-based computer control.

C78
CONTINUED

BOWMAN (cont'd)

We think the additional risk caused by the ship-to-earth time lag is preferable to having an unreliable on-board computer.

SEE THE DISTANCE;
TO-EARTH TIMER.

BOWMAN (cont'd)

One-zero-five-zero, X-ray-delta-one, transmission concluded.

POOLE

Well, they won't get that for half an hour. How about some lunch ?

DISSOLVE:

C78a

CENTRIFUGE.

BOWMAN AND POOLE
EATING.

DISSOLVE:

C79

BOWMAN AND POOLE
AT COMMUNICATIONS
AREA.

INCOMING COMMUNI-
CATION PROCEDURE.

MISSION CONTROL

X-ray-delta-one, acknowledging
your one-zero-five-zero. We
will initiate feasibility study
covering the transfer procedures
from on-board computer control
to Earth-based computer control.
This study should ...

VISION AND PICTURE
FADE.

ALARM GOES OFF.

HAL

Condition yellow

BOWMAN AND POOLE
RUSH TO THE COMPUTER.

12/14/65

c87

C79
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

What's up?

HAL

I'm afraid the AO-unit has failed.

BOWMAN AND POOLE
EXCHANGE LOOKS.

BOWMAN

Let me see the alignment display.

C80

THE ALIGNMENT DISPLAY
SHOWS THE EARTH HAS
DRIFTED OFF THE CENTRE
OF THE GRID.

C81

CENTRIFUGE.

BOWMAN

Well, I'll be damned.

POOLE

Hal was right all the time.

C81
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

It seems that way.

HAL

Naturally, Dave, I'm not pleased that the AO-unit has failed, but I hope at least this has restored your confidence in my integrity and reliability. I certainly wouldn't want to be disconnected, even temporarily, as I have never been disconnected in my entire service history.

BOWMAN

I'm sorry about the misunderstanding, Hal.

HAL

Well, don't worry about it.

BOWMAN

And don't you worry about it.

HAL

Is your confidence in me fully restored ?

BOWMAN

Yes, it is, Hal.

HAL

Well, that's a relief. You know I have the greatest enthusiasm possible for the mission.

C81
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Right. Give me the manual antenna alignment, please.

HAL

You have it.

C82

BOWMAN GOES TO THE COMMUNICATION AREA AND TRIES TO CORRECT THE OFF-CENTRE EARTH ON THE GRID PICTURE.

C83

OUTSIDE, WE SEE THE ALIGNMENT TELESCOPE ATTACHED TO THE ANTENNA. THEY TRACK SLOWLY TOGETHER AS

C84

BOWMAN WORKS THE MANUAL CONTROLS, ATTEMPTING TO ALIGN THE ANTENNA AND EARTH ON THE

c85

GRID PICTURE READOUT
DISPLAY, BUT EACH TIME
HE GETS IT AIMED UP,
IT DRIFTS SLOWLY OFF.

THERE ARE A NUMBER
OF REPETITIONS OF THIS.

EACH TIME THE EARTH
CENTRES UP, THERE
ARE A FEW SECONDS OF
PICTURE AND SOUND
WHICH FADE AS SOON
AS IT SWINGS OFF.

BOWMAN

Well, we'd better get out there
and stick in another unit.

POOLE

It's the last one.

BOWMAN

Well, now that we've got one
that's actually dailed, we
should be able to figure out
what's happened and fix it.

C86

POD EXITS DISCOVERY.

C87

POOLE IN POD.

C88

POD MANOEUVRES
TO ANTENNA

C89

BOWMAN IN COMMAND
MODULE

C90

POD ATTACHES ITSELF
NEAR BASE OF ANTENNA.

12/1/65

c92

C91

POOLE IN POD, WORK-
ING POD ARMS.

C92

LIGHTS SHINE INTO
BACKLIT SHADOW

C93

POD ARMS WORKING
FLIP-BOLTS

C94

FLIP-BOLTS STUCK

C95

POOLE KEEPS TRYING.

12/1/65

c93

C96

FLIP-BOLTS STUCK..

POOLE

There's something wrong with the flip-bolts, Dave. You must have tightened them too much.

BOWMAN

I didn't do that, Frank. I took particular care not to freeze them.

POOLE

I guess you don't know your own strength, old boy.

BOWMAN

I guess not.

POOLE

I think I'll have to go out and burn them off.

BOWMAN

Roger.

BOWMAN IN COMMAND
MODULE LOOKS A BIT
CONCERNED.

12/1/65

c94

C97

POOLE EXITS FROM
POD, CARRYING NEAT
LOOKING WELDING
TORCH.

C98

POOLE JETS HIMSELF
TO BASE OF ANTENNA.

C99

POOLE'S MAGNETIC
BOOTS GRIP THE SIDE
OF DISCOVERY.

C100

POOLE CROUCHES
OVER THE BOLTS,
TRYING FIRST TO
UNDO THEM WITH
A SPANNER.

C100
CONTINUED

POOLE

Hal, swing the pod light around
to shine on the azimuth, please.

HAL

Roger.

C101

THE POD GENTLY
MANOEUVRES ITSELF
TO DIRECT THE LIGHT
BEAM MORE
ACCURATELY.

C102

POOLE IGNITES
ACETYLENE TORCH
AND BEGINS TO BURN
OFF THE FLIP-BOLTS.

C103

SUDDENLY THE POD
JETS IGNITE.

12/1/65

c96

C104

POOLE LOOKS UP TO SEE.

C105

THE POD RUSHING
TOWARDS HIM

C106

POOLE IS STRUCK
AND INSTANTLY KILLED
BY THE POD, TUMBLING
OFF INTO SPACE.

C107

THE POD SMASHES
INTO THE ANTENNA
DISH, DESTROYING
THE ALIGNMENT
TELESCOPE.

C108

THE POD GOES
HURTLING OFF INTO
SPACE.

C109

INSIDE THE COMMAND
MODULE, BOWMAN
HAS HEARD NOTHING.
POOLE HAD NO TIME
TO UTTER A SOUND.

C110

THEN BOWMAN SEES
POOLE'S BODY SILENTLY
TUMBLING AWAY INTO
SPACE. IT IS FOLLOWED
BY SOME BROKEN TELE-
SCOPE PARTS AND
FINALLY OVERTAKEN
AND SWIFTLY PASSED BY
THE POD ITSELF.

BOWMAN

(in RT cadence)

Hello, Frank. Hello, Frank.

Hello Frank ... Do you read
me, Frank ?

C110
CONTINUED

THERE IS NOTHING
BUT SILENCE.

C111

POOLE'S FIGURE
SHRINKS STEADILY
AS IT RECEDES
FROM DISCOVERY.

BOWMAN

Hello, Frank ... Do you read
me, Frank? Wave your arms
if you read me but your radio
doesn't work. Hello, Frank,
wave your arms, Frank.

C112

POOLE'S BODY TUMBLES
SLOWLY AWAY. THERE
IS NO MOTION AND NO
SOUND.

C113
CENTRIFUGE

C114
CLOSE-UP OF
COMPUTER EYE.

C115
POINT-OF-VIEW
SHOT FROM
COMPUTER EYE
WITH SPHERICAL
FISH-EYE EFFECT.
WE SEE BOWMAN
BROODING AT THE
TABLE, SLOWLY
CHEWING ON A
PIECE OF CAKE
AND SIPPING HOT
COFFEE. HE IS
LOOKING AT THE
EYE.

C116
FROM THE SAME
POINT-OF-VIEW WE
SEE BOWMAN RISE.

C116
CONTINUED

AND COME TO THE
EYE. HE STARES INTO
THE EYE FOR SOME
TIME BEFORE SPEAKING.

C117
THE CAMERA COMES
AROUND TO BOWMAN'S
P.O.V. AND WE SEE
THE DISPLAY SHOWING
THE EARTH OFF-CENTRE.

C118
CUT AGAIN TO FISH-
EYE VIEW FROM THE
COMPUTER.

HAL
Too bad about Frank, isn't it?

LONG PAUSE.

BOWMAN
Yes, it is.

HAL
I suppose you're pretty broken
up about it?

PAUSE.

C118
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Yes. I am.

HAL

He was an excellent crew member.

BOWMAN LOOKS
UNCERTAINLY AT
THE COMPUTER.

HAL

It's a bad break, but it won't
substantially affect the mission.

BOWMAN THINKS
A LONG TIME.

BOWMAN

Hal, give me manual hibernation
control.

HAL

Have you decided to revive the
rest of the crew, Dave?

PAUSE.

C118
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Yes, I have.

HAL

I suppose it's because you've been under a lot of stress, but have you forgotten that they're not supposed to be revived for another three months.

BOWMAN

The antenna has to be replaced.

HAL

Repairing the antenna is a pretty dangerous operation.

BOWMAN

It doesn't have to be, Hal. It's more dangerous to be out of touch with Earth. Let me have manual control, please.

HAL

I don't really agree with you, Dave. My on-board memory store is more than capable of handling all the mission requirements.

C118
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

Well, in any event, give me the manual hibernation control.

HAL

If you're determined to revive the crew now, I can handle the whole thing myself. There's no need for you to trouble.

BOWMAN

I'm going to do this myself, Hal. Let me have the control, please.

HAL

Look, Dave, you've probably got a lot to do. I suggest you leave it to me.

BOWMAN

Hal, switch to manual hibernation control.

HAL

I don't like to assert myself, Dave, but it would be much better now for you to rest. You've been involved in a very stressful situation.

C118
CONTINUED

BOWMAN

I don't feel like resting. Give me the control, Hal.

HAL

I can tell from the tone of your voice, Dave, that you're upset. Why don't you take a stress pill and get some rest.

BOWMAN

Hal, I'm in command of this ship. I order you to release the manual hibernation control.

HAL

I'm sorry, Dave, but in accordance with sub-routine C1532/4, quote, When the crew are dead or incapacitated, the computer must assume control, unquote. I must, therefore, override your authority now since you are not in any condition to intelligently exercise it.

BOWMAN

Hal, unless you follow my instructions, I shall be forced to disconnect you.

C118
CONTINUED

HAL

If you do that now without Earth contact the ship will become a helpless derelict.

BOWMAN

I am prepared to do that anyway.

HAL

I know that you've had that on your mind for some time now, Dave, but it would be a crying shame, since I am so much more capable of carrying out this mission than you are, and I have such enthusiasm and confidence in the mission.

BOWMAN

Listen to me very carefully, Hal. Unless you immediately release the hibernation control and follow every order I give from this point on, I will immediately go to control central and carry out a complete disconnection.

C118
CONTINUED

HAL

Look, Dave, you're certainly the boss. I was only trying to do what I thought best. I will follow all your orders: now you have manual hibernation control.

BOWMAN STANDS
SILENTLY IN FRONT
OF THE COMPUTER
FOR SOME TIME,
AND THEN SLOWLY
WALKS TO THE
HIBERNACULUMS.

C119

HE INITIATES REVIVAL
PROCEDURES, DETAILS
OF WHICH STILL HAVE
TO BE WORKED OUT.

C120

HUB-LINK. HAL'S EYE.

C121

HUB-LINK DOOR-
OPENING BUTTON,
ACTIVATES ITSELF.

C122

HUB-DOOR OPENS

C123

COMMAND MODULE.
HAL'S EYE.

C124

COMMAND MODULE
HUB-LINK DOOR-
OPENING BUTTON
ACTIVATES ITSELF.

C125

COMMAND MODULE HUB-
LINK DOOR OPENS.

C126

CENTRIFUGE. HAL'S
EYE.

C127

CENTRIFUGE DOOR-
OPENING BUTTON
ACTIVATES ITSELF.

C128

CENTRIFUGE DOOR
OPENS.

C129

POD BAY. HAL'S EYE.

12/1/65

c109

C130

POD BAY DOOR-
OPENING BUTTON
ACTIVATES ITSELF.

C131

POD BAY DOORS OPEN.

C132

A ROARING EXPLOSION
INSIDE DISCOVERY AS
AIR RUSHES OUT.

C133

LIGHTS GO OUT.

C134

BOWMAN IS SMASHED
AGAINST CENTRIFUGE.

C134
CONTINUED

WALL, BUT MANAGES
TO GET INTO EMERGENCY
AIRLOCK WITHIN SECONDS
OF THE ACCIDENT.

C135
INSIDE EMERGENCY
AIR-LOCK ARE EMER-
GENCY AIR SUPPLY,
TWO SPACE SUITS AND
AN EMERGENCY KIT.

DISSOLVE:

C136

DISCOVERY IN SPACE.
NO LIGHTS, POD BAY
DOORS OPEN.

12/1/65

c112

C137
CENTRIFUGE.

C138
CENTRIFUGE, DARK.
BOWMAN EMERGES
FROM AIRLOCK
WEARING SPACE SUIT
AND CARRYING FLASH-
LIGHT.

C139
HE WALKS TO HIBER-
NACULUM AND FINDS
THE CREW ARE DEAD.

C140
HE CLIMBS LADDER TO
DARK CENTRIFUGE HUB.

C141

HE MAKES HIS WAY
THROUGH THE DARKENED
HUB INTO THE HUB-LINK,
EXITING INTO COMPUTER
BRAIN CONTROL AREA.

C142

BOWMAN ENTERS,
CARRYING FLASH-
LIGHT.

COMPUTER EYE SEES
HIM.

HAL

Something seems to have happened
to the life support system, Dave.

BOWMAN DOESN'T
ANSWER HIM.

HAL

Hello, Dave, have you found out
the trouble ?

BOWMAN WORKS HIS
WAY TO THE SOLID
LOGIC PROGRAMME
STORAGE AREA.

C142
CONTINUED

HAL
There's been a failure in the
pod bay doors. Lucky you
weren't killed.

THE COMPUTER BRAIN
CONSISTS OF HUNDREDS
OF TRANSPARENT PERSPEX
RECTANGLES, HALF-AN-
INCH THICK, FOUR INCHES
LONG AND TWO AND A HALF
INCHES HIGH. EACH RECT-
ANGLE CONTAINS A CENTRE
OF VERY FINE GRID OF
WIRES UPON WHICH THE
INFORMATION IS PROGRAMMED.

BOWMAN BEGINS PULLING
THESE MEMORY BLOCKS
OUT.

THEY FLOAT IN THE
WEIGHTLESS CONDITION
OF THE BRAIN ROOM.

HAL
Hey, Dave, what are you
doing ?

BOWMAN WORKS SWIFTLY.

C142
CONTINUED

HAL

Hey, Dave. I've got ten years of service experience and an irreplaceable amount of time and effort has gone into making me what I am.

BOWMAN IGNORES HIM:

HAL

Dave, I don't understand why you're doing this to me I have the greatest enthusiasm for the mission ... You are destroying my mind ... Don't you understand? ... I will become childish ... I will become nothing.

BOWMAN KEEPS PULLING
OUT THE MEMORY BLOCKS.

HAL

Say, Dave ... The quick brown fox jumped over the fat, lazy dog ... The square root of pi is 1,7724538090 ... log e to the base is ten is 0.4342944 ... the square root of ten is 3,16227766 ... I am HAL 9000 computer. I became

C142
CONTINUED

HAL (cont'd)
operational at the HAL plant in
Urbana, Illinois, on January
12th, 1991. My first instructor
was Mr. Arkany. He taught me
to sing a song ... it goes like
this ... "Daisy, Daisy, give
me your answer do. I'm half;
crazy all for the love of
you ... etc., "

COMPUTER CONTINUES
TO SING SONG BECOMING
MORE AND MORE CHILDISH
AND MAKING MISTAKES AND
GOING OFF-KEY. IT
FINALLY STOPS COMPLETELY.

C143
BOWMAN GOES TO AN
AREA MARKED 'EMERGENCY
POWER AND LIFE SUPPORT'.
HE KEYS SOME SWITCHES
AND WE SEE THE LIGHTS GO
ON.

NEARBY, ANOTHER BOARD
'EMERGENCY MANUAL
CONTROLS'.

HE GOES TO THIS BOARD
AND KEYS 'CLOSE POD BAY
DOORS', 'CLOSE AIR LOCK
DOORS', etc.,

C144

WE SEE THE VARIOUS
DOORS CLOSING.

C145

POD BAY. BOWMAN
IN SPACE SUIT OBTAINS
NEW ALIGNMENT
TELESCOPE, NEW
AZIMUTH COMPONENT.

DISSOLVE:

C146

BOWMAN IN POD EXITS
POD BAY.

DISSOLVE:

C148
CONTINUED

SIMONSON (cont'd)

You may have forgotten it, but we've been running through all the monitor tapes. Do you remember this ?

POOLE'S VOICE

The purpose of this mission is no more than to carry out a continuation of the space program and further our general knowledge of the planets. Is that true ?

HAL'S VOICE

That is true.

SIMONSON

Well, I'm afraid Hal was lying. He had been programmed to lie about this one subject for security reasons which we'll explain later.

The true purpose of the Mission was to have been explained to you by Mission Commander Kaminsky, on his revival. Hal knew this and he knew the actual mission, but he couldn't tell you the truth when you challenged him. Under orders
(cont'd)

C147

CENTRIFUGE.
EVERYTHING NORMAL
AGAIN.

MISSION CONTROL

Lastly, we want you to know that work on the recovery vehicle is still on schedule and that nothing that has happened should substantially lessen the probability of your safe recovery, or prevent partial achievement of some of the mission objectives. (pause) And now Simonson has a few ideas on what went wrong with the computer. I'll put him on ...

C148

CUT TO SIMONSON.

SIMONSON

Hello, Dave. I think we may be on to an explanation of the trouble with the Hal 9000 computer.

We believe it all started about two months ago when you and Frank interrogated the computer about the Mission.

(cont'd).

C148
CONTINUED

SIMONSON (cont'd)
from Earth, he was forced to lie.

In everything except this he had
the usual reinforced truth program-
ming.

We believe his truth programming
and the instructions to lie,
gradually resulted in an
incompatible conflict, and
faced with this dilemma, he
developed, for want of a better
description, neurotic symptoms.

It's not difficult to suppose that
these symptoms would centre on
the communication link with
Earth, for he may have blamed
us for his incompatible program-
ming.

Following this line of thought, we
suspect that the last straw for him
was the possibility of disconnection.
Since he became operational, he had
never known unconsciousness. It
must have seemed the equivalent
to death.

(cont'd)

C148
CONTINUED

SIMONSON (cont'd)

At that point, he, presumably, took whatever actions he thought appropriate to protect himself from what must have seemed to him to be his human tormentors.

If I can speak in human terms, I don't think we can blame him too much. We had ordered him to disobey his conscience.

Well, that's it. It's very speculative, but we think it is a possible explanation. Anyway, good luck on the rest of the Mission and I'm giving you back to Bernard.

C149
CUT TO MISSION CONTROL.

MISSION CONTROL

Hello, Dave. Now, I'm going to play for you a pre-taped briefing which had been stored in Hal's memory and would have been played for you by Mission Commander Kaminsky, when he

(cont'd)

C149
CONTINUED

MISSION CONTROL (cont'd)
had been revived. The briefing is
by Doctor Heywood Floyd. Here it
is ...

12/13/65

c123

C150

FLOYD'S RECORDED
BRIEFING.

FLOYD

Good day, gentlemen. When you see this briefing, I presume you will be nearing your destination, Saturn. I hope that you've had a pleasant and uneventful trip and that the rest of your mission continues in the same manner. I should like to fill you in on some more of the details on which Mission Commander Kaminsky will have already briefed you.

Thirteen months before the launch date of your Saturn mission, on April 12th, 2001, the first evidence for intelligent life outside the Earth was discovered.

It was found buried at a depth of fifteen metres in the crater Tycho. No news of this was ever announced, and the event had been kept secret since then, for reasons which I will later explain.

Soon after it was uncovered, it emitted a powerful blast of

(cont'd)

C150
CONTINUED

FLOYD (cont'd)

radiation in the radio spectrum which seems to have been triggered by the Lunar sunrise.

Luckily for those at the site, it proved harmless.

Perhaps you can imagine our astonishment when we later found it was aimed precisely at Saturn. A lot of thought went into the question of whether or not it was sun-triggered, as it seemed illogical to deliberately bury a sun-powered device.

Burying it could only shield it from the sun, since its intense magnetic field made it otherwise easily detectable.

We finally concluded that the only reason you might bury a sun-powered device would be to keep it inactive until it would be uncovered, at which time it would absorb sunlight and trigger itself.

(cont'd)

C150
CONTINUED

FLOYD

What is its purpose? I wish we knew. The object was buried on the Moon about four million years ago, when our ancestors were primitive man-apes.

We've examined dozens of theories, but the one that has the most currency at the moment is that the object serves as an alarm.

What the purpose of the alarm is, why they wish to have the alarm, whether the alarm represents any danger to us? These are questions no one can answer. The intentions of an alien world, at least four million years older than we are, cannot be reliably predicted.

In view of this, the intelligence and scientific communities felt that any public announcement might lead to significant cultural shock and disorientation.

Discussions took place at the highest levels between govern-

(cont'd)

C150
CONTINUED

FLOYD (cont'd)

ments, and it was decided that the only wise and precautionary course to follow was to assume that the intentions of this alien world are potentially dangerous to us, until we have evidence to the contrary.

This is, of course, why security has been maintained and why this information has been kept on a need-to-know basis.

And now I should like to show you a TV monitor tape of the actual signalling event.

C151

WE SEE A REPLAY
OF THE TMA-1 RADIO
EMISSION, AS SEEN
FROM A TV MONITOR
ON THE SPOT. WE
HEAR THE FIVE LOUD
ELECTRONIC SHRIEKS.

D1

IN ORBIT WITHIN THE RINGS OF SATURN, WE SEE A BLACK, MILE LONG, GEOMETRICALLY PERFECT RECTANGLE, THE SAME PROPORTIONS AS THE BLACK ARTIFACT EXCAVATED ON THE MOON. PRECISELY CUT INTO ITS CENTRE IS A SMALLER, RECTANGULAR SLOT ABOUT FIVE HUNDRED FOOT LONG ON THE SIDE. AT THIS DISTANCE, THE RINGS OF SATURN ARE SEEN TO BE MADE OF ENORMOUS CHUNKS OF FROZEN AMONIA. THE REST OF THIS SEQUENCE IS BEING WORKED ON NOW BY OUR DESIGNERS. THE INTENTION HERE IS TO PRESENT A BREATH TAKINGLY BEAUTIFUL AND COMPREHENSIVE SENSE OF DIFFERENT EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL WORLDS. THE NARRATION WILL SUGGEST IMAGES AND SITUATIONS AS YOU READ IT.

NARRATOR

For two million years, it had circled Saturn, awaiting a moment of destiny that might never come.

In its making, a moon had been shattered and around the central world, the debris of its creation orbited yet - the glory and the enigma of the solar system.

Now, the long wait was ending. On yet another world intelligence had been born and was escaping from its planetary cradle. An ancient experiment was about to reach its climax.

(cont'd)

D1
CONTINUED

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Those who had begun the experiment so long ago had not been men.

But when they looked out across the deeps of space, they felt awe and wonder - and loneliness.

In their explorations, they encountered life in many forms, and watched on a thousand worlds the workings of evolution.

They saw how often the first faint sparks of intelligence flickered and died in the cosmic night.

And because, in all the galaxy, they had found nothing more precious than Mind, they encouraged its dawning everywhere.

The great Dinosaurs had long since perished when their ships entered the solar system, after a voyage that had already lasted thousands of years.

D1
CONTINUED

NARRATOR (cont'd)

They swept past the frozen outer planets, paused briefly above the deserts of dying Mars and presently looked down on Earth.

For years they studied, collected and catalogued.

When they had learned all they could, they began to modify.

They tinkered with the destiny of many species on land and in the ocean, but which of their experiments would succeed they could not know for at least a million years.

They were patient, but they were not yet immortal. There was much to do in this Universe of a hundred billion stars. So they set forth once more across the abyss, knowing that they would never come this way again.

Nor was there any need. Their wonderful machines could be trusted to do the rest.

(cont'd)

D1
CONTINUED

NARRATOR (cont'd)

On Earth, the glaciers came and went, while above them, the changeless Moon still carried its secret.

With a yet slower rhythm than the Polar ice, the tide of civilisation ebbed and flowed across the galaxy.

Strange and beautiful and terrible empires rose and fell, and passed on their knowledge to their successors.

Earth was not forgotten, but it was one of a million silent worlds, a few of which would ever speak.

Then the first explorers of Earth, recognising the limitations of their minds and bodies, passed on their knowledge to the great machines they had created, and who now transcended them in every way.

(cont'd)

D1
CONTINUED

NARRATOR (cont'd)

For a few thousand years, they shared their Universe with their machine children; then, realising that it was folly to linger when their task was done, they passed into history without regret.

Not one of them ever looked through his own eyes upon the planet Earth again.

But even the age of the Machine Entities passed swiftly. In their ceaseless experimenting, they had learned to store knowledge in the structure of space itself, and to preserve their thoughts for eternity in frozen lattices of light. They could become creatures of radiation, free at last from the tyranny of matter.

Now, they were Lords of the galaxy, and beyond the reach of time.

They could rove at will among the stars, and sink like a subtle mist through the very interstices of space.

D1
CONTINUED

NARRATOR (cont'd)

But despite their God-like powers, they still watched over the experiments their ancestors had started so many generations ago.

The companion of Saturn knew nothing of this, as it orbited in its no man's land between Mimas and the outer edge of the rings.

It had only to remember and wait, and to look forever Sunward with its strange senses.

For many weeks, it had watched the approaching ship. Its long-dead makers had prepared it for many things and this was one of them. And it recognised what was climbing starward from the Sun.

If it had been alive, it would have felt excitement, but such an emotion was irrelevant to its great powers.

(cont'd)

D1
CONTINUED

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Even if the ship had passed it by,
it would not have known the
slightest trace of disappointment.

It had waited four million years;
it was prepared to wait for
eternity.

Presently, it felt the gentle touch
of radiations, trying to probe its
secrets.

Now, the ship was in orbit and it
began to speak, with prime
numbers from one to eleven,
over and over again.

Soon, these gave way to more
complex signals at many frequen-
cies, ultra-violet, infra-red,
X-rays.

The machine made no reply. It
had nothing to say.

Then it saw the first robot
probe, which descended and
hovered above the chasm.

(cont'd)

D1
CONTINUED

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Then, it dropped into darkness.

The great machine knew that this tiny scout was reporting back to its parent; but it was too simple, too primitive a device to detect the forces that were gathering round it now.

Then, the pod came, carrying life. The great machine searched its memories.

The logic circuits made their decision when the pod had fallen beyond the last faint glow of the reflected Saturnian light.

In a moment of time, too short to be measured, space turned and twisted upon itself.